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# The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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[For The Pacific.]

### Christ's Coming.

Should the Lord descend in glory,
Would the waiting watchers know?
Some who read prophetic story
Look for vast material show,
All the earth in tribulation,
All the heavens with flame aglow.
Shall we really find it so?

When the meek and lowly Jesus
Walked the streets of Galilee,
Many a wise and noble spirit,
Many a learned Pharisee,
Watched and waited for the kingdom,
But the King they could not see;
And I ask myself the question,
May it not be so with me?

Only gentle south winds blowing
In the early days of spring,
All the icy bolts of winter
Drop from out their fastening;
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Promises of fruitage bring;
Nature needeth not an earthquake
For her sweet awakening.

Softly breathes the Holy Spirit
On the hardened heart of sin,
And the seed of love is wakened,
And the Christ is formed within.
Christ within, our hope and glory.
What has heaven more to show
Than the fruit from seed he planted
Nineteen hundred years ago?

Send, O Christ, the quickening breezes
That thy gentle spring imparts,
Or, with storm clouds, bolt and thunder,
Somehow reach all human hearts!
May the seed thy love has planted
With immortal vigor grow!
God and angels watch the harvest!
When 'tis ripe the world will know.

Mrs. E. H. Giddings.

Santa Barbara.

## CERTAIN PRESENT POPULAR SENTIMENTS CONTROVERTED.

BY REV. M. WILLETT, D.D.

Arthur McEwen, in an article in a late *Examiner*, has expressed certain sentiments, much in vogue in this State at present, about as strongly as they well can be; and certain of his statements may be paraphrased as follows: "The present contest is a battle for the supremacy of manhood over money. There is no such law-breaker as capital. The employe who steals a coupling-pin is sent to San Quentin; the man who steals a railroad is sent to the United States Senate. Let us not exhaust all our possibilities of horror upon the violence of the striker; let us hold somewhat in reserve for the trickery and the bribery of the railroad capitalist. If there are conspiracies for obstructing tracks, there may be conspiracy as well in closing ocean commerce. Mankind has made its political and social advances by breaking laws. The venerated fathers of 1776 were rioters and strikers. Washington was a rebel and Jesus a disturber. We stand in need of a revolution, because money has gained too much power in the republic." It is the purpose of this article to controvert the spirit, not the letter, of these statements.

1. Let us not confound history by putting George Washington and Debs into the same category. The jackass and the jack-rabbit resemble each other in the spelling and pronunciation of the first syllables of their names, and somewhat also in the length of their ears; but there the resemblance is supposed to end. "The venerated fathers of 1776, rioters and strikers!" Shades of Hancock, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, and Hamilton! The most calm, judicial, dispassionate, and statesmanlike attitude of the ages, which has drawn out from Gladstone the confession that the like, for quantity and quality of wisdom, may be searched for elsewhere in vain, compared to the frenzied contention for a principle which already, within two weeks, has been weighed in the balances of the common sense of this country and been found wanting. Tortured history cries out against comparisons which thrust Debs and Cromwell, the men who threw tea into Boston harbor for a great principle, and the men who threw the commerce of this country into derangement for no principle at all, into the same sentence, because, forsooth, they both happened to be resistants.

2. Those who stand up for the rights of property in the present conflict do so, not on account of the abuses of property, but in spite of them. We proclaim ourselves Christians in spite of the Inquisition and all fanaticism, just as we believe in liberty, equality, and fraternity, in spite of the French Revolution. In the celebrated Colton trial in this State, a phrase from one of the letters of C. P. Huntington became at once public property. It was "caving down the bank." We are in no dying need of lectures on the rights of property from the writer of that letter.

But does it follow that, because the man who breaks his marriage vows is disqualified for any prominent upholding of the seventh commandment, therefore, no others can fitly stand for this bulwark of society? Can not men who see the necessity of the bank, and who have not caved others down the bank, continue to sit upon the bank, and advocate it, too, because, forsooth, Mr. C. P. Huntington, having caved others down the bank, would be only illustrating the law of retribution if he was forced to exemplify the "grand bounce," and the "great slide," in his own person? For six thousand years the civilizations of the world have found nothing to take the place of the right of property. That right has been modified, to be sure, but never has been uprooted. Like all other rights, it is capable of abuse. We find our remedy not in attacking the right, but in correcting the abuse.

There are thousands of men who abuse the right to life, and who yet are unreachable by human law. They are corrupt and corrupting in every imaginable form. The world breathes more freely when they vanish from it. To attempt to deprive them of this right would involve more confusion and evil than to allow them to exist.

There are thousands of men who abuse the right of marriage. It is a curse to the world that they are allowed to reproduce themselves. Hundreds of thieves, harlots and vagabonds have been traced back by social investigators to one or two roots not more than three generations distant. They cannot be restrained in this right, because the limitations of law are so great. And so it is with the right of free speech. Much can be said in favor of a more rigid censorship of the press. The abuses of property have much in common with abuses along all other lines. Men who delight in half-truths can confound and perplex our sense of right and wrong in almost every department of human activity. If justice should never decree death to any criminal until convinced than every man of like criminality was suffering the same penalty, then the penalty of death would never be meted out, and so of all penalties.

If a policeman's club could not fall upon the head that was nearest to him until he was pursuaded that of all the mob that nearest man was most guilty, then the policeman's arm would be paralyzed. It is enough for the policeman to know that the man is a law-breaker. If justice in this world were not the crude thing it is, then there would be less force than there is at present in the argument for a great and final judgment. Let us correct abuses just as fast and as far as possible, but let us refuse to be paralyzed in our enforcement of law because the reason may sometimes be bewildered by the abuses which reign everywhere in this world of sinners. To accentuate just now, when imperiled, the rights of property is neither to be blind to nor to defend the abuses of property.

3. Violence always, in these later times, has defeated its own ends. The nihilists of Russia have overwhelmed the constitutionalists of that land under a perfect avalanche of misery and obstruction, and have helped to turn back the very reforms for which they drew the dagger and threw the dynamite bombs at least fifty years. The Carbonari thwarted Italian unity; it was Mazzini, and those who stood with him in the use of legitimate methods, who prevailed.

The assassins of Phœnix Park, and all who have partaken of that spirit, have thwarted unspeakably the course of Irish reform. When the men of the South came out from under law, they saw the institution they loved so dearly swept away as a military measure. The attitude of the North was law-abiding, though they sorrowed to feel that slavery was intrenched in the constitution. They expected to triumph ultimately in the use of legally restrictive measures. They felt about the raid of John Brown as the great general did concerning the charge of the six hundred at Balaclava. "It was magnificent, but it was not war." The South came out from under law, and failed.

4. There is nothing in the institutions of this nation to call for revolution. The right of revolution is to be taken for granted; but every right involves a corresponding duty and responsibility. Our fathers of the Revolution realized that they were accepting a tremendous responsibility before the civilized world. Hence, they set forth the reasons for their action in great detail and perspicuity.

But so far as the power of money is concerned in this great Republic of ours, it cannot be charged that this is due to our institutions. The present constitution of the State of California was adopted after a tremendous struggle, in which the interests of capital were supposed to be worsted. We are living to-day in a State where the institutions are adverse to the creditor as compared to the debtor, as shown in the taxation of mortgages, and where the positive obligation of the railroad commissioners to fix the rates of fares and freights is actually imbedded in the constitution itself. Whence all this talk, then, about revolution? Any man who indulges in revolutionary rant may be justly challenged to point out one single clause in any of our institutions in which capital is given an unfair advantage; and certainly if that clause can be found, no worthy citizen but will join with all others immediately to elide it. If the power of money, then, is not in the institutions, it can only be in the citizenship—those who vote and those who represent the voters; and a man might as well attempt to jump on his own shadow as a State expect to escape from itself, when such is the condition of things, by the process of changing institutions which are not in the least at fault.

We do need a moral revolution in Californians, and that is the root of the whole matter. Take what Professor Clark of Stanford University has written in a late number of the *Independent*. After telling how the railroad commissioners of this State had neglected a duty laid upon them by the constitution itself, and of the bill introduced in our last Legislature bringing them to account, he goes on to say, "The bill passed the Assembly by the requisite two-thirds majority, but it was killed in the Senate by railroad influence, exercised in the customary manner." The custom of the Southern Pacific Railroad of using money to influence legislation cannot be condemned too loudly nor too strongly, and is directly responsible for a great deal of the apathy of this State towards their rights in this present struggle. But while we hold the Southern Pacific sternly responsible for this weakening of public confidence in the trustworthiness of our representatives, what shall we say of Californians, that they have continued for years to send men to Sacramento who yield to "railroad influence, exercised in the customary manner." The Southern Pacific Railroad Company is entirely in the grasp of this State; its stockholders are the few against the many. It is entirely within our power to do all that is just and equitable.

We have no more right to "cinch" the railroad any more than any other corporation, and if we attempt it, there are courts to intervene; but if in any way we are oppressed, the power is in our own hands. If, however, when men talk about the power of money in society, they mean something quite above all question of institutions, and that the few are centralizing so much wealth as to endanger all good to the many, let them boldly say so, and just as boldly tell us which of two courses they intend to pursue. Do they advocate the paring down of this wealth by law, or without law? Wealth can be pared down either by a graduated income tax or the division of large portions of great estates upon demise. Men who favor a semi-socialism of this sort should be the very last to encourage lawlessness. Demanding more from law than others, they certainly should be more reverent towards law as well. If, however, nothing so patient or restrained as this is contemplated, and if wealth is to be decreased whether or not, then let us have the declaration in language we can understand, that when men talk about revolution, we may recognize the anarchy they advocate.

Oakland.

## IOWA NEWS.

The peculiar law enacted by the Legislature of Iowa at its last session in reference to the liquor traffic seems to be producing some effect. It is called "the mulct law." The Davenport *Democrat* says:

"The landlords of Dubuque are looking after their interests in the matter of the new mulct law. They are making peremptory demands on their tenants to give them bonds that shall amply secure the payment of the $600 tax in case the Iowa Supreme Court sustains it, as it will, of course. The landlords no not intend to be hung up for that tax, and they will not rent for saloon purposes till they are assured in substantial form that there is no danger of any such thing occurring. Whether the law will actually be enforced in Dubuque or not, there is a general hustle there to make ready for enforcement."

Another paper says: "In Dubuque forty saloon-keepers went out of business on account of the Martin law. In Des Moines more than one hundred prescription case saloons, a score of dangerous social clubs, and at least two hundred holes in the wall and boot-leggers are being driven out of the same business under the Martin law. No wonder many 'tough' men are mad at the mulct laws."

HERRONISM.

Alluding to the "School of the Kingdom," which was lately held at Grinnell, Iowa, a correspondent writes that Professor Herron attempted a theoretical explanation of his assertion that "there is no justice in the courts." It was that on his theological theory justice can not exist without love, and, therefore, a judge must be a Christian, and exercise Christian love towards litigants and criminals, or he can not do them secular justice.

The reason no action was taken at the meeting of the General Association in regard to the course of Professor Herron and President Gates of Iowa College was that it was not thought best to take off from the college trustees any of the burden resting on them in the case. In a late talk on the subject, one of the board said he was happily disappointed to find so many of the trustees condemning Professor Herron's givings out. It is reported that the effort which had begun to raise money in Iowa for a Y. M. C. A. building in connection with the College has been abandoned, men refusing to give on account of Professor Herron's course. But Mrs. Rand, who founded his professorship, offers $100 a year to students who will join Professor Herron's classes during the year. Professor Ely of Wisconsin University, who was advertised as a strong card to speak at the "School of the Kingdom," did not attend. He is not a socialist. "I am sorry," says my correspondent, "that Grinnell, which has always been a bulwark of the faith in religion and in politics, has been placed in so unfavorable a light by theorists."

J. C. H.

## RAMBLES—VII.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

We hastened home from Pomona College. The suggestion that we had better not stop over in Tulare was timely and valuable; ours was the last train but one through before the "tie-up." The charm of that town, and its many pleasant associations, could not be lightly set aside. Nothing eventful occurred *en route*, and we were soon in San Francisco, the Tyre of the Pacific Coast. This city has sometimes suffered at the hands of critics, and deservedly, but, never since municipal corporations were first organized in the Netherlands, has so great a city stood so well the unusual strain of the past few weeks. The suspense was general, and suppressed feeling, on this side or that, universal; and yet, without any signs of violence, or even an arrest, men moved about, anxiously expecting some new surprise. Chicago, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Oakland, have experienced disorder; but in San Francisco the safety of life and property has never been questioned. If peace-loving and law-abiding are evidences of good citizenship, and we believe they are, then, surely, our population are deserving commendation; and a little commendation and kind feeling have a great deal to do with oiling the wheels of the world. Mayor Ellert very wisely, we think, permitted our civic soldiery to go forth to the call of duty to other places. At least ten young men from our own congregation, eight of whom are members of our church, responded for duty as member of the National Guards. There have been anxious hearts praying for them. They are a fine company of stalwart young citizens, whom no hardship can depress; and, strengthened by a pure patriotism and implicit faith, they are ready, in any emergency, to solemnly and promptly show themselves worthy of their country and their religion. Such a substructure promises perpetuity to our institutions.

We tarried at home only long enough to officiate at a modest but beautiful wedding in our church, and then hied away to our vacation retreat, remembering that—

> "Peace hath her victories,
> No less renowned than war."

Only a few hours, and we were in Cloverdale, greeted by wife and children, and welcomed by friends. By a kindly exchange of pulpits with Brother Jones, we spent another Lord's Day among his people. The following days brought increasing news, which flew like the morning light, that the strike was spreading. Some feared great danger to the Republic, and some felt it; experience has its bounds, while apprehension is boundless. Allowing that language is flexible and expansive, we felt that the experience of the past gave promise that the nation was safe, and that the trembling, almost defiant workingmen, tortured between hope and fear, would soon resume their wonted avocations. At present the golden dream of financial betterment is only the baseless fabric of a vision. It cannot be realized.

The glorious Fourth was admirably celebrated in this rural hamlet. There was a parade, and it was orderly. A good band discoursed the usual patriotic airs, and the procession included some of the best citizens of the village and neighboring farms. In the evening we were treated to fine displays of fireworks—

> "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

Young people will celebrate; and why shouldn't they? There is an old maxim of classic celebrity, and somewhat ponderous emphasis—*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*—"Be justice done, though the sky fall." The proverb certainly looks very heroic, and sounds sufficiently grand; but there is no such fearful contingency, and no immediate danger that the heavens will tumble about our ears. "We must celebrate," whatever remains, is the general resolve. Young America must have noise and fireworks, and the seniors look on and fear; but the conflagration doesn't come, and we live on with faith in God, and, borrowing no worry from next year's celebration—

> Live for to-day! next year's light
> Next year's cares will bring to sight.

The next morning was bright and warm. According to appointment, a company of thirteen souls started out, in three sections, for Redwood mountain. By easy calculation and hard walking the excursion measured ten miles. Those who were denied the luxury of climbing the mountain, without artificial aid, reached the summit first. The other contingent, in climbing and climbing, frequently reminded themselves that a mountain height, like knowledge, can be acquired only by slow degrees. We willingly halted numerous times to view the landscape o'er. Mystic scene! Near us stood several madrones, one of which was by far the largest tree of its kind we ever saw. It must have been in its vigor when the Pilgrim Fathers witnessed the breaking waves dash high on a stern and rockbound coast—

> "And the woods, against a stormy sky,
> Their giant branches tossed."

Around us a few stray birds were twittering, enjoying the freedom of their divinely-appointed liberty, much as Congregational Christians enjoy their Puritan-bought freedom within and around the Tree of Life, with no bonds of ecclesiasticism to interrupt their thought or their devotion. A little girl from a city, visiting the woodland for the first time, said, upon seeing just such birds as we saw, "Poor birdies, they haven't a cage to live in." Her pity was sincere, but not appreciated. There are those sincere hearts who pity Congregationalists because they have no cage, in the form of ancient traditions, or an unchangeable creed, within which we are to live, move, and have our being. A creed to us is a guide, but our abiding-place is in the divinity and infinitude of Christ.

Looking away from the mountain, we looked down into Oat Valley and smaller glens and dales of great fertility, and easily understood the tenacity with which the early pioneers cling to the soil. But economy and exercise of bodily strength brought the exhilarated pedestrians at length to the summit. It is an open, grass-covered plateau, with a group of redwood trees affording luxurious shade. Such a lovely summer noon! Such a generous luncheon right at our feet! And the fateful number—thirteen! Too late; it cannot be changed now, and we therefore ignore superstition, and offer grateful thanks to our Heavenly Father; we thoroughly enjoy the redwood's cooling breeze, with July's hot face just peeping now and again through the branches, and rejoice in the—

> Pure air that cures; and a scene that affords
> Content more solid than the smile of lords:
> Rest to the weary; to all the group food;
> A place of enjoyment for the wise and good.

San Francisco, Plymouth church.

The Woman's Board of Missions will hold its monthly meeting in the First Congregational church, Oakland, on Wednesday, August 1st, at 2:30 P. M. This being the last meeting of the year, will not the ladies make an especial effort to be present? And will not the women who are willing-hearted bring in their gifts, that there be no deficit at the year's close?

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

Although there have been few outward indications of the fact, there has been intense excitement in Washington during the past few days, on account of the disorder and bloodshed which have accompanied the strikes in various sections of the country. While no one here has or has had any doubt of the final triumph of law and order, many fear that the conduct of ill-advised men may cause a further loss of life and property before the desired end is reached. Many both in and out of Congress sympathized with the original strikers, but when rioting and the destruction of property and the interruption of communication was resorted to, that sympathy was lost sight of, and, with the exception of a few demagogues among the professional politicians, the demand that the strong arm of Federal authority should be interposed was unanimous. Even before that demand could be formulated the Federal goverment had began to act. The two proclamations issued by President Cleveland this week are generally regarded as timely and entirely justified by the circumstances under which they were issued. As one of the most pronounced advocates of the doctrine of State's rights in Congress aptly put it, "Let us all aid the national government to put down the spirit of anarchy, and restore the authority of law. There will be time enough afterward to quibble about how it was done." A number of our ministers touched upon the labor troubles in their sermons last Sunday, and, as usual, the pulpit took the right and only patriotic and Christian side. Space forbids any extended comment on or quotations from those sermons, but the following words of Dr. Joseph T. Kelly, of the Fourth Presbyterian church, are too straight to the point to be left out: "Both in precept and example, on many a page, God's Word bears witness to the duty of men with relation to government. Not merely when those laws in every way commend them to their judgment and approval; not only when they inure to their profit and comfort; but even when they bear upon them in restraint and possibly with loss, their one and only duty is submission and loyal obedience. For government, after all, has as its ultimate end the punishment of the evil and the guardianship of the good. Under no circumstances can the freedom which has been the boast of our civilization be construed to mean a freedom to infringe the rights of others or break the laws of the land."

The temperance people have appealed to Congress after Congress to pass a bill authorizing an official investigation of the alcoholic liquor traffic, its relations to revenue and taxation, and its general economic, criminal, moral and scientific aspects in connection with pauperism, crime, social vice, the public health and general welfare of the people, but they have never succeeded in having it done. The Senate Committee on Appropriations has provided in an amendment to the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill, which was yesterday reported to the Senate, that the investigation be made by the U. S. Bureau of Labor. It remains to be seen whether the liquor men can kill the amendment.

Washington's delegation to the Cleveland Christian Endeavor Convention left yesterday morning on a special train, although on Monday it had been decided to abandon the special train and send only the regular delegates, on account of the probability of delay by reason of the strikes. It is probable that many more would have gone had it not been for the fear of delay. The party numbered nearly, two hundred, and will enthusiastically work to bring the convention of 1896 to Washington.

Senator Morgan, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, obtained an indefinite leave of absence this week, and although he stated before leaving that Senator Gray was left in charge of the Chinese treaty, there are reasons for the belief that his departure means no further consideration of the treaty at this session of Congress. While the friends of the treaty are confident that it would receive more than the two-thirds vote necessary to its ratification, some of them are of the opinion that the antagonism of the labor organizations makes its ratification inadvisable at this time.

Washington, July 11, 1894.

Last year the Presbyterians put into the general fund of their Missionary Society $843,411.

# Woman's Board
## Of the Pacific.

### OUR "MORNING STAR" SUNDAY.

For several years the *Morning Star* mission has regularly been presented to the children of our Sunday-schools, but now, when the income of the American Board is suffering so keenly from the general financial depression, the importance of more careful attention to every department of missionary work is felt as never before. Five hundred dollars has been assigned to the Woman's Board of the Pacific as its share for 1894 in the expenses of the vessel, and in the hope that large part of this sum can be collected from the various Sunday-schools of the State. The Young Ladies' Branch of the Board has undertaken to arrange for a special *Morning Star* Day in all schools that are willing to help in the effort.

The definite point that we want to bring before the children in all departments is the taking of shares at ten cents each in the mission for 1894. Attractive certificates, with a cut of the vessel, are issued by the A. B. C. F. M., and will be made out in the name of each share-holder. While every school is, of course, at perfect liberty to conduct the day in the manner that seems best in its particular case, a carefully prepared program will be sent for the use of such as may be glad of suggestions. This will consist of a short exercise of song, recitation, and dialogue, telling very briefly the story of the *Star* and her work. Part of this will be most effective if it is presented on the Sunday before the collection, to arouse interest; and the use at this time of a small model of a sailing vessel has so often proved valuable that this idea is strongly recommended wherever such a thing can be procured. If any school cannot obtain it, the Branch will try to send one if we can succeed in securing some for this purpose. We will also furnish little envelopes, suitably printed for distribution on this first day, to serve as reminders through the week of the contribution asked for. On the next Sunday, the teachers can be provided with the certificates of stock to be made out in the name of each child bringing the required dime, and after further exercises the envelopes should be deposited on board the little ship, or in a box beside it.

The interest in the occasion will be heightened, we think, if it will be possible to put the collection in the hands of a committee, to be brought by them to the annual meeting of the Branch which will be held probably in the Frist Congregational church, San Francisco, August 16th or 17th. A program of general interest will be prepared for the evening, when the Sunday-school offering will be received. When personal presentation is impossible, an order made out to the treasurer can be opened at this time in the name of the school. To correspond with the date of this meeting, August 12th has been proposed as *Morning Star* Sunday, and the exercises, envelopes and stock will probably be ready for distribution by the last of this month.

And now to the crucial point. Are you willing to join in this movement? The co-operation of every school, however small, is important, and earnestly desired. Will you not fall in line, and give your children an opportunity of helping to speed the *Star* on her next voyage? For all further particulars address Miss Williams, 969 Brush street, Oakland.

### SECRET SINS.

Canon Wilberforce said that one day while walking in the Isle of Skye, he saw a magnificent specimen of the golden eagle, soaring upwards. He halted and watched its flight. Soon he observed by its movements that something was wrong. Presently it began to fall and soon lay dead at his feet. Eager to know the reason of its death, he hastily examined it and found no trace of gun-shot wound; but he found that it held in its talons a small weasel, which, in its flight, was drawn near its body, and had sucked the life blood from the eagle's breast.

The same ends befalls him who clings to some secret sin; sooner or later it will sap his life blood, and he falls down lost, lost. Therefore, "let us lay aside every weight" and the pet sin that we are harboring, and that is drawing us down, and "let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

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Christ fits his ministers through manifold experiences of sorrow and pain for the highest service. He writes their best sermons for them on their own hearts by the sharp stylus of trial. Such as he would make most eminent in his service he takes furtherest with him into Gethsemane.—*Dr. Wm. M. Taylor.*

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Exactly how Jesus saves is a question we may ask again and again, and plainly ask. Let us not, in asking it, waste time, and risk eternity, when we have already reason to know he came from heaven, and a brief experience can teach that he leads thither.—*Young.*

### THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY A. F. GROW.

"The liquor traffic exists in this country to-day by the sufferance of Christian people. They hold in their hands the whole fate of this accursed business. The traffic will not live a day beyond the time when the membership of the Christian Church arises in its might, and decrees that it must die. And the chief weapon of destruction must be the ballot."—*Christian at Work.*

Christian readers of THE PACIFIC, do you not believe down in the very depths of your hearts that every word of the above extract is true?

There are four million Christian voters in the Protestant Church alone in the United States, and Rev. Joseph Cook places the number a considerable above that figure. This number, with several million church adherents who are influenced very greatly by both the preaching and practice of this membership, could at our next great national election, as political parties now stand, unaided by one single vote from the Catholics, forever put an end to the liquor traffic.

Would it not be in the interests of righteousness for the Christian voters of the land to so cast their ballots? If these Christian voters have this thing thus under their control, would they disobey one command of the Decalogue by thus voting? Would they set at naught one principle of morality taught by Christ and his apostles? Does any sane man who ministers at the altar as a messenger from heaven, sent to bear glad tidings of great joy through Christ the Saviour, believe the statement made by the *Christian at Work* that "The liquor traffic exists in this country to-day by the sufferance of Christian people" to be false?

If this be an acknowledged fact, why, in God's name, is not the Church ready to wipe out this damnable traffic at once and forever? If this charge be false, why do not some of the great lights in the Church prove its falsity? This they do not attempt to do by reason of its impossibility. Either one of two things the Church has got to do. It has got to deny that the liquor traffic is a source of crime and wretchedness and affirm that it is a blessing to our people; that were it not for the sale and consumption of intoxicating beverages, it were vain for God's professed servants to proclaim the word of life to fallen men; that this *traffic* builds our churches, endows our colleges, educates our ministry, establishes and maintains all our charitable institutions, and is the only source of our prosperity as a nation. This it has got to acknowledge, or else it has got to assent to the charge made against it by Prohibitionists of its being a crime against God by reason of its being a curse to those made in his image, the source from whence comes a large proportion of our poverty; that it is a breeder of crime; that it furnishes our almshouses with a large share of their occupants; that it fills, to a large degree, our asylums, our jails and state's prisons; that it furnishes work for our hangmen; that it fills graves within our potter's fields with those who "shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven," and therefore fills the abode of devils with damned spirits. Is the Church of Christ in America ready to defend the *liquor traffic*, and hereafter stand by the distiller, the brewer and the saloon-keeper, hoping through their aid and influence to spread the news of the gospel of Christ throughout the world, and save fallen men?

What share has the Church of Christ on earth had in the murder of "seventeen thousand millions" of earth's inhabitants, as estimated by Thomas Dick some fifty years ago to have been slain through drink, "since intemperance dug its first grave"? More than seventeen worlds like this of human beings, as estimated by Dick, have been struck from existence by the arm of intemperance, and the work of murder has been going on more rapidly than ever for the last fifty years; and unless the Church of Jesus Christ does its duty, this murderous work will continue at far greater ratio. Why is it that the Church—a Church supposed to have been established on earth by Christ himself—does not come out unequivocally in condemnation of this acknowledged wrong, this sin, and do what it might do to blot it out by one blow dealt at the ballot-box? Will not some leader in the Church tell us why professing Christians do not thus strangle this monster at the polls? Is it cowardice on the part of the Church, a fear of the withdrawal of such support as is afforded through the traffic, both directly and indirectly? If the Church is not in league with the saloon, when its membership votes to perpetuate the license system, where does it stand?

We do not expect that the press, under the control of the license parties of this country, will give its readers any news of the growth of prohibition sentiment in spite of most devilish opposition and persecution, or of victories gained for the cause at home or in the neighboring provinces of Canada. But we should reasonably expect that papers purporting to be heralds of the gospel of Him who came to earth to rescue the perishing, cheer the widow, and comfort the fatherless, would do as much as to speak a word in commendation of the efforts of those who are striving in the name of the same Christ whose cause they profess to champion, to banish the accursed liquor traffic from our land through the ballot-box. These papers give us no news of the victory in Ontario of 84,000 majority for prohibition of the traffic, of the sweeping victory in Prince Edward's Island, and the much more recent vote in Nova Scotia, when that Province was swept by the cyclonic vote of 40,000 majority. We read nothing in the denominational press of the decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana, which will finally shut up the saloons of the State. Do the ministers and members of the Christian Churches in the United States believe that "the purification of politics is an irridescent dream"? They certainly cannot, and be the followers of the Christ of the New Testament. If it be possible to cleanse the dirty pool and make our politics so pure that the most refined, Christ-like and womanly woman in our land may not be ashamed to aid, both at the ballot-box by her vote, and in making and administering our laws; then, surely the Church of Christ should not be afraid to champion a moral reform movement that would cleanse the politics of our country and destroy the one great source, and one might say the only source, from whence comes the political corruption, which finally sent forth such a stench that even the old parties, as corrupt as they are, could no longer endure it, and which has at last overtaken McKane and others of his class and sent them to prison. There are greater men in Iowa, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and other States, who would have been behind prison bars years ago had they received their just deserts, and many States would have had constitutional prohibition but for the treachery and dishonest practices of these men.

Our churches, through their membership, cry out against "politics in the church" when prohibition of the liquor traffic is mentioned, while supporting at the same time the license parties they know are controlled completely by such men as Sheridan Shook of New York and J. B. Cox of Cincinnati, the liquor bosses of the Republican party in those cities. It is an undeniable fact that such men as these two above mentioned actually control the old political parties of the country. And as the churches, through their membership, have it in their power to defeat these liquor parties at any election, then is the Church in league with the Sheridan Shook's and Cox's of the land, and, therefore, logically in league with the saloons. What other conclusion can we arrive at logically?

MADRONE, Wash.

### PLAIN WORDS.

"Then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown." A scotch minister thus discoursed on the carelessness of his flock:

"Brethren, when you leave the church, just look down on the duke's swans. They are very bonnie swans, an' they'll be sooming about, an' aye dooking down their heads and laving theirsels wi' the clear water till they're a' drookit. Then you'll see them sooming to the shore, an' they'll gie their wings a bit flap, an' they're dry again.

"Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, and lave a' ower wi' the gospel till ye're fairly drookit wi't. But just gang awa' home, an' sit down by your fireside, gie your wings a bit flap, an' ye're as dry as ever again."—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

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REST IN GOD.—I traveled along a broad highway, where was so much dust and tumult that my soul became weary. I looked often to the right and to the left for a diverging road, but I was hurried forward by the tumultuous crowd, and could hardly retain my senses. Then my Heavenly Friend sought me in the throng, led me forth by secret ways and brought me into a green meadow and by still waters. Ah, how well was it with me there! I have experienced the blessings which the soul enjoys when it quietly rests in God.—*Tholuck.*

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SABBATH-SCHOOL STATISTICS.—Comparing the children of school age in the United States, as ascertained by the census, with the statistics of Sabbath-schools, it is computed that there are nine millions of children in this country who attend no Sabbath-school. In Pennsylvania, while there are 1,300,000 children in our schools, 300,000 more than there are in the public schools, yet the work in Pennsylvania has not been much more than half done, as forty per cent. of the children are yet outside of the Sabbath-school.

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It is not scientific doubt, not atheism, not pantheism, not agnosticism, not Romanism, that in our day and in this land is likely to quench the light of the gospel or re-crucify Christ. It is proud, sensorious, luxurious, church-going, hollow-hearted prosperity.—*Bishop Huntington.*

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The prayers that reach heaven soonest are those that are full of gratitude.

### SADI CARNOT—I.

FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE THIRD FRENCH REPUBLIC.

BY REV. E. J. DUPUY.

During the festivities of Lyons, when the President was passing through the streets of the busy city, a most cowardly outrage was perpetrated. The stiletto of an anarchist caused the death of one of France's best citizens.

What can we say of Sadi Carnot's life. Nothing, if we expect great deeds, wonderful feats, astonishing achievements. The deceased President was neither a great statesman, nor a brilliant orator, nor a skillful tactician, nor a renowned diplomat. Only one thing can be said of him—he was a man, in the true and full meaning of the word.

The family of the Carnots was illustrious through the first Carnot, of the revolutionary days, and was noted for its staunch republicanism. Sadi Carnot completed his studies at the "Ecole Polytechnique," from which he was promoted a civil engineer. The second empire did not give this young republican any opportunity to enter politics. He then worked as a civil engineer, built railroads and bridges for the government, thus contributing to the prosperity and welfare of his country. It is reported that his work was always the work of a conscientious, painstaking man.

When the second empire dragged France down to the sad conflict of the war of 1870, when the Imperial Government was overthrown, and Republic proclaimed on September 4, 1870, Sadi Carnot volunteered his services for his country. Appointed by the Provisional Government as prefect of the Seine Inferieure, he made his headquarters at Rouen, and there was successful enough to check the invaders' progress, and thus save the wealthy, thriving, industrial district of lower Normandy from the horrors of an invasion.

When the war came to an end, and the regular Legislature was elected by the nation, Sadi Carnot was sent as a deputy to the "Chambre des Deputes" by his election district, and ever since had been re-elected until his presidency. During those sixteen years he remained the same, never varying. He belonged to the "Republican Union," as long as it lasted, and that carried 363 votes in the Lower House out of some 500, under the leadership of Gambetta. He did his duty quietly, modestly, honestly. First called into a cabinet as a sub-Secretary of State he then became a Minister of Public Works and Roads, and later on a Minister of Finances. No great reform characterizes his ministerial career; as we have already stated, he was not endowed in any extraordinary manner. The Wilson scandal broke out; already Carnot had, as Minister of Finances, resisted the claims and demands of Wilson, and had taken a decided position against certain speculators seeking to cheat the government out of its righteous claims. These facts were known only later. But when President Grevy, after an honorable career, was compelled to resign on account of the scandalous traffic of his son-in-law, Wilson, to the great surprise of the nation, Sadi Carnot was elected President for the full term of seven years.

"Who is he? What can we expect from him?" every one said. And a few months later a concert of general praise was heard throughout the country. With his salary of $250,000 per year, President Carnot decided to live as a president. He not only spent his salary, but sacrificed a part of his personal fortune. His predecessor had economized several millions of francs during his presidency, much to the general disatisfaction of the nation, not to say more. President Carnot generously spent even his own; never wasting, but contributing towards all charities, giving elegant but tasteful receptions, exercising the most captivating hospitality, and all the time most ably helped by his devoted wife.

Of his presidential career we have nothing, and a great deal to say. He remained strictly in the limits of his position, but he brought to bear all his influence, so as to win the sympathy and affection of the people to the republic. Success responded to his efforts, and was such, that, whenever he passed through the festivities of any provincial city, the cries of "*Vive Carnot*," mingled with "*Vive la Republique*," would echo and re-echo. In that respect he succeeded wonderfully.

The days when the greatness of his character came out more fully were those of the three great struggles of this last decade in France—the Wilson scandal, the Boulanger crisis, the Panama scandal. In regard to the first one, President Carnot had little to do. His personal firmness when Minister of Finances remained the same when a President; and though corruption was laid bare, though many politicians of high standing were more or less compromized in that dishonorable traffic of a civic reward, the nation felt reassured, because the chief executive could be relied upon.

A few months later, the Boulanger crisis burst out like a hurricane; the very foundations of the republic trembled, and dark days seemed at hand. Not a single moment did President Carnot shrink from a perilous position. Calm and self-possessed, he stood the burst of the storm, while the throngs of stupid, discontented, howling men, of more or less disreputable character, threw themselves around the brave, but self-conceited, weak-minded general.

When, by an overwhelming majority, Paris elected Boulanger as a deputy, the death-knell of the republic had apparently sounded. Treason was on every side—the army ready to follow the prancing puppet; the lower classes discounting the rewards for their efforts; the discontented hoping for something better; the enemies of republic all united around their "General Monk." But calmness and wisdom prevailed among republicans. Carnot, himself, re-united the groups, and, in the midst of the fierce contest, where Republic's future was at stake, when the least blunder, the smallest false move, could prove to be an irreparable loss, Carnot rallied the republicans, and, by sweeping measures, defeated his opponent.

Boulanger fled, to die in exile; a brave warrior, when true to his country—a coward, when he became a traitor.

### THE BLESSING OF PRAYER.

I learned the lesson of prayer very early when I went as an apprentice to a blacksmith. I had an older brother there, who has been in the blessed heavens for many years. We once had a piece of very difficult work to do, and I noticed, before brother tackled it, he went off to our cottage and went into his room and shut the door and staid there ten or fifteen minutes. Then he came out into the smithy with a kind of sweet radiance on his face, and he said, "Come, my lad, let's do it now." And I was a helper together with him. But he had another who helped him better than I could; he was a co-worker together with God, and we got that piece of work through grandly. I say "we," as the boy who blew the organ said about the music. It was a superb success; and I said to brother afterward, with a kind of tremble in my voice, "Did thee go into our chamber to pray, Will, before thee began that time?" "Ay, lad, I did; that's the reason, I believe, we got it done so well."

And so it is all things work together for good if we get into that spirit. A good old lady in the West, of a deep and sweet piety, when they said to her, "Tell us what you think about prayer," replied, "I think there are some things fit to be done in religion that ain't fit exactly to be talked about, and that is one." She had it in the quiet deeps of her heart. She did not want it disturbed. She wanted to be in communion with God, not with a lot of folks in Springfield, Ill. You know they say there is a spring in South America that runs so clear and is so sweet until some human voice jars its waters. Then it gets a little muddy, and the more you talk at it the muddier it gets, and you don't want any of that water. I think it may be so sometimes with those things which touch the deeps of our heart, prayer especially. Dear friends — more than friends, lovers—for forty years or more I have held this to be the grand central secret of the devout heart that rests in God. That is the secret of true prayer.

I like a cheerful religion that has joy in it, and that does not grumble about this world in which we are living, but finds that, on the whole, because God is in it there cannot be much wrong. I heard a story about a very noble woman in New York who had been left a widow. She was turned eighty and she had one daughter. And the daughter was taken and she was left alone, save as we are never alone, because they are with us who have loved us and have been taken from us. Just as surely as Jesus said to his friends, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world!" so they are with us. But she was alone there in the house, and the minister of her denomination, which is not ours, came to see her. He thought to comfort her, and so he said, "My sister, bear your burden a little longer; you will soon be in heaven now." And the old lady lifted her head and replied: "I do not thank you for that kind of talk. I am ready to go whenever the call comes, but I am very well content to stay here as long as the Lord will let me, for I have still some things to do, some things to enjoy. It is a beautiful and a noble world, and I am not going to grumble to you or to God Almighty at my lot. I am going to rest quietly until my call comes."

I liked that. There is a devout heart. Such a life is a perpetual prayer.—*Rev. Robert Collyer, in Christian Register.*

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Bear the cross willingly and it will carry you, and lead you to the longed-for goal, where there shall be an end of suffering—though it will not be here. Bear it unwillingly, you make a burden for yourself, loading yourself the more—and you must bear it still. Throw it away, and surely you will find another, perhaps a heavier one.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

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God's work is your work.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

### At the Prayer-Meeting.

I.

"My friends, I've known the gladness
Of blessed, blessed days,
When it seemed as if my heart was full
Of precious songs of praise.
But now I walk in sadness
Because I can't shut out
From my poor heart the presence
Of a peace-destroying doubt.
Pray for me."

II.

"All day, friends, I've been thinking
Of the times we're living in;
How the world seems going to the bad,
Just carried away with sin;
And I was clean discouraged
When I came here to-night,
But the promises the pastor read
I think will set me right.
Pray for me."

III.

"Dear friends, I want to tell you
Of the joy I've had to-day.
This morning the dear baby
Was singing in his play,
And the sweet words were *so* helpful—
'There is sunshine in my soul!'
O, I want that sunshine always
While I seek the heavenly goal.
Pray for me."

IV.

"I find it's pretty hard, friends,
This trying to live right.
My ways are not all smooth ways;
My days are not all bright.
I meet some fierce temptations,
I yield sometimes to wrong,
But I'm determined to keep on
Till I sing the victor's song.
Pray for me."

V.

"I am almost through this journey,
Dear friends; the day draws nigh
When I shall see my Saviour
In the blessed home on high.
Oh, the joy of that sweet vision!
O country of the blest!
'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'
Pray for me."

VI.

"Let us pray," said one who surely
Walks with God from day to day.
"Father, strengthen the discouraged;
Driv our doubts and fears away;
Comfort those in sore affliction;
Give thy peace to one and all;
May the thoughtless and the sinful
Heed ere long thy gracious call.
Bless us all."

NORMAN CONWAY.

### The Obedient Horse.

"A man of mercy to his horse is kind:
Brutal actions show a brutal mind.
Remember He who made thee made the brute;
Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute;
He can't complain, yet his all-seeing eye
Beholds thy cruelty and hears his cry.
He was destined thy servant, and not thy drudge,
And remember his Creator is thy judge."

### THE CLOSED GENTIAN.

One can lean long and thoughtfully over the pathetic beauty of the closed gentian, peeping through October's fallen leaves along the sheltered, alder-shaded country waysides—last of our farewell flowers. They are the Laura Bridgmans of the floral kingdom, deaf, dumb and blind. Every blue corolla is a veiled smile—a little dark lantern that will never show its gleam. They reveal nothing, but suggest so much! Shall we ever learn a sign language that will help us talk with them? If flowers have a future life, the closed gentians must be saints of bloom and sweetness in some unfading Eden otherwhere. At least they are emblems of undeveloped, earthly worth and faculties—golden hearts that cannot communicate—exquisite natures shut up alone, living a chill, repressed October lifetime. But their bud, their effort of life and their potential beauty, are a smile on the edge of winter—a furled banner of hope, when all bloom is frost-bitten—a spring thought across a silence of snow.—*The Watchman.*

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A Paducah clergyman tells this: "I married a couple up in Allen county; and after I had pronounced them man and wife, the groom took me to one side and asked me what the damage was. I told him there was no fixed price; he might give me what he chose. 'Parson,' said he, 'I've got five hound pups down home for which I am asking five dollars apiece, and I'll let you have one for three dollars.' Of course I declined so ridiculous a fee, as I had no use for the hound pups. When he got home he must have found his wife better than he expected; for he sent me one of the hound pups, accompanied with a letter saying that he was so happy with Maria that he would give me a dog for nothing."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

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"An invitation to dinner among the middle or upper classes of Japan frequently commences as follows: 'I beg your pardon for thus insulting you in begging your company at my house for dinner. The house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and yet I hope that you will condescend to be present with us at 6 o'clock on December 9th." Upon arriving at the house, you find it spotlessly clean, tasty in arrangement, and the host and hostess affable indeed. The bill of fare consists of ten or fifteen courses, the best the market can afford. All the self-humiliation of the host is the method adopted to pay you honor."

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It has been estimated that Christendom has introduced 70,000 gallons of rum to every missionary. In the great Congo Free State there are 100 drunkards to 1 convert.

# Miscellany.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

## The World and the Christian.

BY F. B. CLARK.

"Come take my hand," the gay World said,
"And learn a better pace;
You stay behind and toil for bread
While all the worldlings rush ahead,
And leave you in the race.

"In satins and silks the rich are clad,
Nor do they toil and spin;
With flesh and wine their hearts are glad,
And all their lives they scarce are sad
Or troubled over sin.

"Your path is narrow all the way;
The world's path, it is wide,
And those who start will seldom stay,
But hasten on both night and day,
A mighty, rushing tide.

"Why stumble here, poor Christian, then,
And bleed and suffer wrong?
The stones are sharp, and you have been
Cast down in doubt full ten times ten,
And yet you creep along!"

"Oh, gay young World!" the Christian said,
"Could you once my joy know,
How gladly, now, you'd toil for bread,
And thank your God that you were fed
With what your hands did sow!

"So leave me, then, to walk alone;
Go on, gay world, in sin!
The time will come when you shall groan,
With weight of tares that you have sown,
But Christ will lead me in!"

RAILROAD FLAT.

## A Trust Song.

Better a smile than a sigh, dear,
Better a kiss than a frown;
Better a look toward the sky dear,
Than always be looking down.

Better in time of trouble
A song of hope and cheer,
Than a heart that broods o'er sorrow,
And makes that sorrow dear.

The joys we find in to-day, dear,
Perhaps seem poor and small;
But better a little sun, dear,
Than to have no sun at all.

Then make the most of the present,
And its little joys, I say;
For what is here we have, dear,
But to-morrow is far away.

So look in my face and smile, dear,
And sing a cheerful song:
It never is worth our while, dear,
To help life's worries along.

We have love, and we have each other,
And God, who is kind and true,
And we'll hope for the best, and trust the rest
To Him life's journey through.

—*Ex.*

## SOUTHERN COMMENCEMENTS.

Evidence of increasing interest on the part of the southern people in the schools at the South of the American Missionary Associations is apparent in the full and sympathetic manner in which its daily papers report the aniversary exercises of those institutions. The *Daily American*, of Nashville, Tenn., on two different dates, makes extended report of commencement at Fisk University. These exercises were held in the new Fisk Memorial Chapel, capable of holding one thonsand people, built by the late Gen. C. B. Fisk through a legacy of $25,000. There were eight graduates from the classical course and two from the theological. Rev. Dr. Cravath, the President, preached the Baccalaureate, and the Hon. John M. Langston addressed the students. He himself was a graduate of Oberlin. He thought that the wonder of this country was the devotion of the white man in trying to uplift the colored man. He said the white race had not only given the negro race college buildings, but gave them their most worthy daughters and sons as teachers and professors; he urged the students to have self-reliance, to trust in God, and strive to be fitted to discharge their duties as citizens and men.

"The *Appeal-Avalanche* of Memphis reports in full the anniversary exercises of Le Moyne Institute, named for Dr. Le Moyne its founder, the man of cremation notoriety. The paper says that the Auditorium was filled with a concourse of nearly three thousand people. Professor A. J. Steele has been at the head of this institute for twenty-three years. It has had a remarkable success. Its numbers run from five to six hundred every year. It is especially given to normal training, and its teachers go all over the Southwest. Multitudes of their pupils while in the school here become the disciples of Jesus Christ. Mr. Langston gave here, also, an address. This time it was to the senior class. He said: "Wear clean hearts and clean hands and upright lives; be distinguished for these great moral qualities."

*Our Mountain Home*, the county paper of Talladega, Ala., heads its account of the Talladega commencement: "A well equipped institution doing good work for the colored race." Rev. E. J. Penney, a graduate of Atlanta and of Andover, and Rev. G. S. Dickerman, field Superintendent of the A. M. A., made addresses. Four were graduated from the Normal Course and two from the Theological. The exhibit of the industrial department was greatly delighted in. J. E. R.

There was a deacon in a certain church, says an American paper, into whose pews one Sunday a drunken man staggered and sat down. The preacher was discoursing about prevalent popular vices. Soon he exclaimed: "Where is the drunkard?" The drunken man was just far enough gone to think the call personal, so rising heavily, replied, "Here I am," and remained standing while the drunkard's character and fate were eloquently portrayed. A few minutes later the preacher reached another head of his discourse, and asked, "Where is the hypocrite?" Gently nudging his neighbor, the drunkard said, in an audible whisper, "Stand up, deacon, he means you this time. Stand up and take it like a man, just as I stand! It will do you good!" The deacon was fairly doubled up. He'd have given twelve months' takings of his drink store to have been a clear mile down the gulch just then. —*Methodist Protestant.*

## A LOOK AT BOTH SIDES.

There are two sides to almost every question; sometimes there are three or four. The Rev. Mr. Pugh tells the following story of a man who one day got a clear view of both sides of the drink question:

There was a man who was much given to strong drink; he was an excellent workman and earned good wages, but none of it went home; it was all spent in the public-house, where he also spent most of his time. One morning he stayed longer than usual there, and while he was sitting enjoying himself, as he fancied, Mrs. Jones, the inn-keeper, entered the room, and looking out of the window, she called his attention to a poor, wretched woman who was picking up cinders in front of the window.

This sight was enough. It went to the man's heart, for it was his wife. Rising, he left the house without a word. Next morning he went to work without entering the public-house as usual, and continued so to do. He signed the pledge and kept it. Soon his home began to look more comfortable, and he had the pleasure of seeing his wife decently dressed. One Sunday, on their way home from church, where he now regularly attended, he said, pointing to the public-house, "Will you come in here for a minute?"

"No, do not go in there," pleaded his wife.

"Oh, we will just go in for a minute; I will take care we get no harm," he replied.

Unwillingly Mary followed him in, and he called "Mrs. Jones."

She remembered the voice and was with them in a minute.

"Mrs. Jones, what do you think of Mary? Isn't she neat?"

"Yes," she answered, "she is very neat."

"Isn't there a difference between when you saw her picking up cinders and now?"

Mrs. Jones admitted there was a difference.

"Well," said the happy husband, "it is because I give Mary the money I earn now, instead of giving it to you."

Thousands of reckless husbands might profit by taking a similar view of the condition of their wretched wives, whose rights were taken from them to fatten the greedy grog-sellers.—*Onward.*

GRANT FEARED.—Ponder the words of Gen. Grant. He said: "I never dared seek promotion. I was afraid if I did I might get into a position whose responsibilities I could not meet." Gen. Grant, who feared not the face of a man, was afraid of something, then. No greater calamity can befall a man—save utter moral wreck—than to succeed in foisting himself into a position whose responsibilities he cannot meet, and where he will be a perpetual disappointment to the allies who helped to place him there. Such men cannot avoid the destiny that awaits them. History will sternly point them to the "lowest place at last." Thither they must go. Men of all professions will do well to remember the words of Gen. Grant: "I was afraid if I sought promotion I might get into a position whose responsibilities I could not meet."—*World Wide Missions.*

A woman may be as beautiful as Helen of Troy, and as alluring as the serpent of the Nile, yet if she be not cheerful she is altogether incapable of winning, and keeping affection after it is won. This old world is on the lookout for all that is bright and gay. There is so much of sorrow lurking in every corner that we want to turn our backs upon it whenever we can; therefore, a woman to be appreciated in home and social life must be like a ray of sunshine rather than a cloud, no matter how beautiful.

It always has been true, and probably always will be, that the man of intelligence directs the man of labor. No number of strikes, nor combinations of muscle can change the natural distribution of intellectual power. As the mind must of necessity govern the hands, so every superior mind must wield its inevitable influence over others.

"Poor Jackson suffers like time from insomnia."

"Hump! He needn't; he has his remedy at his tongue's end."

"How's that?"

"If he'd talk to himself the way he does to me, he'd go to sleep in a minute."

Giving is as much the breath of Christian life as praying. Prayer is inspiration, giving is expiration. To neglect either for any length of time is sure to result in spiritual suffocation.—*Selected.*

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, AUG. 5TH. MARK I:1-11.

### The Baptism of Jesus.

BY REV. WALLACE SMITH.

*Golden Text.*—"Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Mark i: 11).

It was no half-told story of the gospel of Jesus Christ that Mark intended to give to the world. His chapters may not number more than half those of Matthew, but they give a complete gospel, a finished record of that life which was given for the salvation of men. The keynote of it is obedience, picturing the Son of Man as a servant, ministering to the necessities of men, the children of his Father in heaven. Its writer may not have been an eye-witness of of the events which he has recorded; he may have been indebted to other apostles, particularly Peter, for many of the details, but his pages have the seal of God's truth, and his words the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Mark, however, begins at *the beginning* of the gospel, and takes care to so declare. As if eager to proclaim a message whose blessing he himself had experienced, and which he wished to communicate to others who were equally in need of such blessing, he omits some things that other evangelists thought important. There is no genealogy of of our Lord, no descent traced from Abraham, or Adam, but he opens up with the bold assertion that Jesus Christ was the Son of God; that he came from God, and had been heralded for ages before by the prophets of God, until lately, perhaps within the hearing of some of those who read these words, the Forerunner had appeared in the wilderness of Judea with the strange cry, "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord*," and all Judea started up in the expectation that the Messiah had appeared. These are the beginnings of the gospel to every believing soul. Admit that Christ was the Son of God, and these pages reveal the wisdom of the Most High; deny it, and they have no 'good news," no message of hope, no ray of light in the darkness of sin. This gospel was composed primarily for the use of Gentile converts, and first read at Rome, where Mark attended the apostle Peter during the latter's labor and imprisonment there. Of the method of the evangelist's writing, and the source of his information, we need not speak. Suffice it to say that this gospel has always been received as a genuinely-inspired and authentic writing. The divine truths it sets forth; the glorious revelation it gives of him who came to bring salvation to the world, show that the Spirit guided the pen of the writer, and moved him to write the words of eternal life.

*The Beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ* (Vs. 1-4). There had been a considerable religious revival in Judea just about this time. A strange man with a strange message had appeared upon the banks of the Jordan at Bethabara, and caused quite a commotion among the strict law-abiding Scribes and Pharisees by telling them, not that the portals of the kingdom of heaven were swung wide open to receive them; not that a prince of the House of David would soon come to sit upon the throne, and Jerusalem, the royal city, should become the center of an universal empire. No; the short, sharp message of the Forerunner is one of preparation and repentance. The beginning of the gospel is, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and the world must be prepared for the Messiah. Perhaps it might he said that the whole line of prophets that had spoken to Israel was also a preparation for the advent of Christ. They had had different tasks to fulfil, according to the different times in which they had lived. The prophets of old had a threefold mission to perform. Being possessed of the power of foreseeing coming events, they had to unfold the mysteries of the future, and prepare the world for them; being endowed largely with the spirit of Divine wisdom they had to instruct the people to whom they were sent in a knowledge of the purposes of God; but as the messengers of heaven, the revealers of its purity and holiness, it was their duty to reprove the earth of its wickedness and sins. According to the prevailing spirit of the times in which they lived, one or other of these duties may have become more prominent and necessary; yet amidst all the differences of time, and of religious fervor or decline, they had this one great and unchanging purpose in view—the preparation of the world for the coming of the Messiah. This was the theme of their teachings, the burden of their prophecies. This was the one common point towards which the prophetic vision was centered throughout the ages. And it is something significant that the last prophet of the Old Testament should speak of the first prophet of the New (Mal. iii: 1); that he should speak of his mission as preparing the way before the Lord. It is no less significant that the Baptist should appropriate the words of Isaiah (Isa. xl: 3), the evangelical prophet, who had such a clear and comprehensive vision of the sufferings of the Messiah, and now, when the prophecies had been fulfilled by the sound of this "voice crying in the wilderness," it might be expected that the people should receive the Messiah when he came. The way was being prepared, and the hearts of the people being touched by the earnestness of the wilderness prophet. He preached a new doctrine, the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins; but those who flocked around him realized that they had need of such remission. Doubtless, they felt that the times spoken of by the prophets had come, and that God would again visit Israel.

*The Preaching of John the Baptist* (Vs. 5-8). What drew all the crowds from Jerusalem and all Judea to that ford of the Jordan at Bethabara? John was a voice crying in the wilderness, but that voice spoke the message of God to man. Behind that preacher's voice there was the power and influence of the Spirit, and men felt themselves drawn to his side. The merchants of Jerusalem left their markets, the scribes left their law scrolls. The Pharisees forgot their dignity so far as to go out to the wilderness to hear what this young unlettered preacher has to say. Even the rude soldiers of the Roman garrison bend an attentive ear to this out-spoken preacher who dares to tell them that their lives are unholy and their hearts are sinful. "*And there went out unto him all the land of Judea.*" But they did more than simply stand around him and listen to his burning words. Moved by the fiery eloquence of that prophet in his girdle of skin, they felt the arrows of conviction enter their hearts. They knew that he was a prophet, for he had the keen penetrating vision of a prophet; and their hearts, sinful and corrupt, lay as so many open books before his glance. So "they were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, *confessing their sins.*" The rite of baptism was not a new institution among the Jews. It had been known and practiced by the Jews for centuries before the Baptist came among them. "Baptism (said a great Jewish lawyer) was in the wilderness, before the giving of the law." It was administered by the Jews to their proselytes who came over from heathendom into the covenant of Israel. It was one of the requirements of all who entered into the Jewish faith, that they should, among other things, be baptized with water. (See Adam Clarke's Notes on Mark.) And it was appropriate that the Baptist, in bringing in the Jews into the new belief in the Messiah *about to come*. The apostles of our Lord baptized their converts in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The baptism, like the Baptist, was a precursor of something higher, and it is noticeable that John makes his baptism of water a symbol of a higher baptism—that of the Holy Ghost. As we look at this chosen servant of God, how plainly do we see the true spirit of surrender to Christ! He is willing to prepare the way for the coming Messiah; then, on the advent of Christ, he is ready to give way before him. He is constantly pointing forward to one who is to come, mightier than he, preferred before him, for he was before him (John i: 30).

*The Baptism of Christ* (Vs. 9-11). At last he came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized. Another evangelist of the same name, John, tells us that the Baptist was preaching his favorite theme of repentance when one day his eye falls on one approaching the crowd; and we may imagine his voice trembles as his finger points to Christ, and he exclaims, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i: 29). The sign which had been given to him was there in the dove descending from heaven, and he knew his Lord. But the most touching circumstance is the humility of Christ, who thus submits to the rite as if to consecrate it for all time. He came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill all righteousness. And for this initial act of obedience there comes the first open acknowledgment from heaven of the divine sonship of Christ. The voice from heaven is God's testimony to the divinity of Jesus Christ. It was the seal of God's approval upon the self-assumed mission of the Saviour of men. And we should notice that this approval was given just at the time when Jesus stepped up out of the waters of baptism. It was the point of separation between the quiet life of obscurity at Nazareth and the active life of his public ministry. So likewise when the baptism of the Spirit which he now bestows comes to one, it makes the point of separation from the life of unfruitfulness into a life of consecrated work for God. Henceforth, to the believer baptized with the Spirit all things are new. He has been bought with a price, and for so great a price, and received into the adoption of the Sons of God (Gal. iv: 5; Ephes i: 5). Doubtless, there is the conception of cleansing from sin in the outward rite of baptism; but John's baptism was but an outward symbol, while Christ's baptism of the Holy Spirit is an inward spiritual reality and cleanses the heart. That Christ came to be baptized of John shows us how fully he took upon himself our nature, and was in all points made like unto his brethren, and that he, "Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. ii: 6, 7, 8).

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Wednesday, July 25, 1894.


## HAVING UNDERSTANDING OF THE TIMES.

President Carter of Williams College, who is counted among progressive men, as the phrase goes at commencement, said: "It may well be doubted whether anything will be gained in largely confining the energies of the pulpit to the discussion of social and economic questions. It was not the way of the Great Teacher. Not comfort, but character; not getting, but being; not temporal good, but death for eternal life—was the theme of his discourses." This is certainly a doubt that needs to be expressed. At the same time, if our preachers were able to touch these questions with that fine sense of proportion and from that spiritual point of view and in that evangelical tenderness which characterize the Master, how different the impression might be! The secular discourse would no longer sound like a column from the daily press.

For we cannot too often nor too strongly reiterate that if our ministers are to deal with these themes of social and political interest, they need not only a fuller intelligence and a clearer judgment, but also all and more than all that should be meant by the baptism of the Spirit. When we hear it reported of some convention in which topics of this sort were especially discussed by ministers, that it was characterized by deep religious fervor, by the confession of sin and by all that thorough searching of the heart which accompanies a real revival of personal religion, we feel our objections to some advanced utterances in this line melting away.

The only way in which prominence can be safely given by the pastors to these live questions of our day is by reason of the fact that they have some higher—the very Christian—point of view, and so speak by that sort of authority. Is it not possible for many, for enough, of us to study and pray so as to fulfill without contempt this message of the present day?

Only look through the Testament again and wonder at the wisdom and grace with which the first representatives of the Master touched upon the delicate readjustments of practical life that must grow up in the adoption of Christian principles. Where did they get the good sense which knew how much to say and how to say it? By what intuition did they escape the blunders that might have been encountered at every step? We feel sure that the wisdom with which they spake was an enduement from on high. Is there any reason to doubt that we, Christians of to-day, may be taught in the same school? But if so, let us be careful to take our lessons from the primary text-books, and not be too certain that we have "more understanding than all our teachers."

## COLLEGIATE EXPERIMENTS.

In the discussion, the other day, of the relation of the central church or churches in a city to those parts less central, the brother from France urged the plan adopted there, which may be called the collegiate plan, there being only one church, but several congregations. The pastors would thus serve, as we understand it, in turn all the congregations. To what extent this would work at all among us, how far it would be congenial with our congregational idea, are questions not easy to decide.

But simply as an illustration of what possibilities in this general direction have been temporarily realized among churches that are even more independent than our own, we take the following facts from the *Standard* concerning the work of the Disciples in Kansas City:

"In that city there are fourteen congregations, three of them colored. There are 3,200 members, and 3,000 in the Sunday-schools. T. P. Haley is, in the best and largest sense, the Bishop. He organized the first church here in 1858, with forty-three members. During his present pastorate of thirteen years he has seen this wonderful growth. One thing that has had much to do with the success of our cause in Kansas City has been their plan of co-operation, under which there is practically but one Church of Christ in Kansas City, made up of fourteen congregations. All property is held by one Board of Trustees. The first church built the second, the first and second built the third, the first, second, and third built the fourth, and so on, and any deficit is apportioned among all. A joint board, consisting of the boards of all the churches, considers all matters of vital interest; and while each congregation is independent, all important actions, such as location of missions, selection of pastors, etc., are subject to the approval of the joint Board. Any congregation may retire from the co-operation at its pleasure."

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When one reads of the revelation made in New York city of the police as partners in a systematic way with crime, receiving regular sums to give their countenance to illegal practices, the civic heart sickens, and we wonder whether there is anything sound and wholesome in that great congested mart. Then, just now, we join the belated testimony to Dr. Parkhurst. But we do not know how one who has grown pessimistic, and in danger of losing confidence in human integrity, could find a better correction than in thinking of those "milk depots" which Mr. Nathan Straus has opened for the supply of pure milk to the poor of that city. He had for long reflected, we are told, on the frightful mortality arising from the inadequate nourishment and the positively injurious quality of the average milk sold in the tenement districts. So he established six depots for these sections, where the "pure inspected" article could be had for four cents a quart. He also furnishes, by an expensive process, sterilized milk at five cents a quart. Nor did he rest content with this. He had a formula prepared for infants' food, and the result has been that twelve hundred infants have been supplied with this wholesome and nourishing diet. He is enlarging this business. When asked whether the depots paid their expenses, he answered: "Yes, in the pleasure they give; is not that enough?" But he added also: "I want the poor to feel that they are paying for what they receive; my aim is to help, not to pauperize."

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In a quiet town we know at the East "the boys greased the tracks of the electric railroad and rendered an accident possible. But this was by no means all. Wagons filled with blazing barrels were drawn by the boys through the streets and allowed to descend the hills, to the danger of surrounding property. The police did little or nothing, and the boys seemed to care nothing for the law or authority." There is a way quite current there and hereabouts of saying, "Oh, the boys must have their fun." Those, indeed, were the words that some official in Oakland was reported to have used when the mob of fellows went along the tracks to block the trains. Those are the words that are used to condone the destructive operations that young men do in colleges. When this sort of thing is smiled away it may be fun for the boys, but it is death to good order and to the public conscience. The rogues that combine to paint the small town red will soon be ripe for a Debsism that will palsy for weeks the life of a continent.

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In closing his twenty-five years' ministry in the First Baptist church of Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. Boardman said: "The very first entry on the fly-leaf of the marriage book of our venerable Church is this: 'John, son of Jeremiah Sullivan, was this day, April 7, 1769, named and devoted.'" Dr. Boardman expressed his own convictions by adding the sentence: "If more were consecrated in infancy, more would be baptized in youth." The only modification our churches have to suggest is, If more were baptized in infancy more would become avowed and steadfast disciples in youth and manhood.

NOTES.—There is a disposition to form, in some quarters, "people's churches." But much depends on who the people that form them are. What is the genuine Congregational church but a society of Christian people organized on the gospel platform?——Two physicians, both Jews, Elias Pasha and De Castro Bey, have been decorated lately by the Sultan for eminent services in their profession.——A correspondent of an exchange expresses it as a general wonder that in Rochester, N. Y., four Presbyterian churches should be so near together, and yet so prosperous. Probably, if they were territorially located so as to accommodate the remoter parts of the city, the remoter parts would not attend them.——Frances Willard is made an "L.L. D." by Ohio Wesleyan University.——Professor George F. Wright of Oberlin endorses for substance the calculation of Gen. Wistar, President of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, according to which, at present rates of the consumption of coal, every acceptable ton of it in North America will be used up in 112 years. At least, that estimate can not be changed so as to make the years swell to more than two hundred or so.——Apparently to point some contrast with the late President Carnot, the *Catholic Standard* speaks of M. Casimir Perier as "sincerely Catholic in belief and policy as he is in practice."——In a suit, involving a bequest of two thousand dollars for the purpose of offering masses for the repose of the soul of the deceased, the Supreme Court of Alabama decided adversely. The court took the ground that the bequest was void because "there was no living beneficiary of the trust endeavored to be created, the soul not being an entity in law."

## HAWAII.

The Fourth of July was a memorable day in Hawaii. On the previous day the Constitutional Convention, having been in session more than a month, completed its thorough work and unanimously adopted a constitution that will rank as one of the most perfect instruments of government ever made. An immense mass-meeting in the evening, with abundance of oratory, gave it enthusiastic endorsement. At 8 o'clock, on the morning of the 4th, from the steps of the Administration Building and in the presence of the assembled citizens, President Dole, in thrilling words, proclaimed it to be the supreme law of the Republic of Hawaii, and in accordance with its provisions assumed the office of President. The Chief Justice, in his official robes, administered the oath of office to the President. The Cabinet, the justices of the Supreme Court and 300 prominent citizens counted it a privilege to take the oath of allegience at the close of the proclamation ceremonies. A grand Fourth of July celebration followed, with a patriotic and most happy oration by Captain Cochrane of the United States Marine Corps. Professor Lovejoy of our Pacific Theological Seminary offered the prayer. Minister Willis presided, and afterward gave a reception that was largely attended. The flagship *Philadelphia* also kept open house in the afternoon. Sports and games and fireworks filled out the day of rejoicing. The great body of the American people heartily unite in this rejoicing of the new Republic, and congratulate those sturdy and faithful men in having carried their struggle for good government to such a successful issue.

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When, on the 3d of July, the Senate passed a Tariff bill, we judged it would be little more than a formal thing to adopt it in the House and for the President to sign it, and so we stated in THE PACIFIC. We did not suppose that the Senate had wrestled with the difficult problem for months, and finally passed a bill, without knowing very well that it would be favorably received by the House and the President. There must have been much consultation between the different departments. It seems there was, but without mutual understanding or agreement. And now this Democratic Government is all at sea. The two Houses disagree; the President gives his views, which intensify the disagreement. Speeches are made by "dignified" Senators, which severely reflect upon and arraign the President and each other. Republican members enjoy the fight, and selfishly hope and expect their party will benefit by it. The long-suffering people all over the country are astonished and indignant at such a failure in legislation, and the end is not yet.

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A National Anti-Cigarette Association was founded at Chicago, June 10th, under the auspices of the National Missionary Evangelical Association.

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The Finnish parliament has passed a law prohibiting all railroad traffic and mail delivery on Sunday.

## THE GREAT STRIKE AND THE GREATER NATION.

[A synopsis of an address by Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown in the First church in this city last Sabbath evening; the house was full, and the audience most sympathetic.]

Dr. Brown gave a brief account of the incidents connected with the detention of the passenger train two weeks at Winnemucca, and said:

What are the essential elements involved in such a situation as I have detailed? A forcible detention for two weeks of peaceable American citizens, who have committed no offense against the laws, constitutes not only a menace but a direct attack upon American liberties. It has been an attack upon the freedom of travel, freedom of traffic, and freedom of communication by the United States mails.

I am not pleading for capital against labor; for the controversy very soon passed all just bounds of a conflict between employer and employed, and became a direct assault upon our liberties. Whenever and wherever that is the case, I shall stand where I stood in 1861, when the flag was fired upon by armed rebellion; I shall stand where I stood in 1865, when the flag went up at Appomattox with new glory, in signal of its triumph over its foes; I shall stand with law, and liberty, and the flag.

What a flag it is! The blood of all the heroic martyrs of the past touched and left its crimson there; the white light of the world's noblest history shone upon it, and, lo, it had white; the skies stooped over it, and gave it of their clear blue; and the stars kissed it, and left the constellation of freedom there; in it moves in immortal memorial the achievements of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It carries to all the winds that move it the pathos, the gentleness, the nobility of that great soul who said—

> "Till the world is old,
> And the stars are cold."

There shall be no longer in America any master or any slave, and signed to that immortal charter the immortal name of Abraham Lincoln.

Americans, are you going to stand by that fairest flag which was ever given to the breeze? For more than a century now that flag has proudly said to every law-abiding citizen beneath its folds: "You may wear any kind of a coat you choose, or none at all; you may travel with all freedom from sea to sea; you may go on foot or in any kind of coach you choose, and no man or set of men shall stop you without due process of law. (Applause.) Now, when any man or set of men, calling themselves by whatever name, forcibly detain American citizens who have committed no offense, they are doing what they can to haul down the American flag and to destroy the liberties which it guarantees.

Why was the failure of the strike inevitable? Because the strike almost immediately passed beyond the just bounds of a peaceable protest of labor against what it deemed the aggressions of capital. It became a vast conspiracy against the rights of the whole people in the interests of a class. It became a direct attack upon the majesty of the law, which it set at defiance. An attack upon the majesty of law in this free land is a greater crime than elsewhere on the globe, for it is an attack not upon a law-making and ruling class, but upon the whole people, from whom the law-making power proceeds and who rule through their chosen representatives. No class, however organized or distributed, however skillful its leader or perfect its means of communication, can hope to succeed in an attack which sets at defiance the laws which the whole people have approved and which they honor. And yet there have been voices upholding this attack upon law with the statement that the world's progress, by revolution, has been through the breaking of law. That was just when laws were made and enacted by despots; when William the Silent rose against Philip II and Alva; when Cromwell, and Hampton, and Pym thundered against the despotism of Charles I; when Washington unsheathed his sword to avenge an oppressed people against George III. But when a self-governing people hope for betterment by breaking or defying the laws which they themselves have made, the world may bid a long farewell to its fondest dream and its brightest prophecy of peaceful progress. Mankind has dared to hope for universal brotherhood, and its seers have prophesied "a parliament of man, a federation of the world." But if a nation's parliament succeeds only in making laws which must be broken by bloody revolution before there can be progress, why should we cherish the hope of the wider parliament? What could it promise but a vaster failure?

No! Defiance of law can never succeed in free America, because the people make the laws. The majority of the people will maintain the majesty of laws which the people have made. If any class does not like the laws, it must endure them until it can get a majority. Then it can have a peaceful revolution and new laws by lawful means.

The failure was inevitable because the strike was a direct blow at the peaceable enjoyment of all possessions. When any revolutionary strike establishes the principle that strikers have the right to interfere with a rich man's coach, they have also established the principle that others may interfere with the lesser possessions of the laboring man. You cannot unsettle the property rights of one class without unsettling the property rights of all classes. It is only a step from the usurpation of rights over another man's coach to the usurpation of rights over another man's cottage. When the American people consent to either, no man's home will any longer be his castle. Individual rights will have given way to usurpations which will cross each other in the blood and fire of anarchy. I say, therefore, that the strike was predestined to failure so soon as the menaced firesides of the nation could be heard from. They were sure to say: "We don't propose to admit the principle that one man or set of men may boss another man's property," which, being interpreted, means that one man may boss another man's fireside.

Again, this strike was predestined to failure for another very good reason; namely: June, 1894, was not the proper time for electing a new President. The people chose one President in 1892, and his term is not out yet. The people prefer President Cleveland, whom they elected, to President Debs, whom the Railway Union elected. The people awoke and began to inquire, Who is this Debs, that he should be issuing orders to every part of the United States, and usurping powers which transcend those of the Constitutional Executive? The President of the United States has no constitutional right to stop trains and traffic in a time of peace. Who gave Debs the right to do what the President of the United States has no right to do? "On what meat does this Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?" When the people have time to ask such questions the foolishness must stop. Then Debs goes out of active business, and the jail has another occupant. Then President Cleveland says to a colonel or two: Go out there and set things in order. He has no right to stop the trains; but it is perfectly manifest that he has the right to start them when unlawful force has stopped them. The success of the great strike would have meant the speedy exchange of a constitutional President for an irresponsible dictator. No single victory would satisfy a man of Debs' stripe. The man who begins by usurping the dictatorship of the railroads would not be satisfied with anything short of the dictatorship of the nation. He had already, even in jail, begun to dream that he was great enough to stop the carpenters, and the brick-layers, and the mechanics of all sorts, and the packing-houses. He was going to stop everything unless he could have his way. It is easy to see what dangerous power the success of the strike would have given this man. The people have seen it and said: No; this is not the day for an American despot. This is the day of constitutional liberties. Let the man who proposes to stop things without consulting the people go to the rear.

There is another strong reason why the strike could not succeed; namely, it had too many friends of the wrong kind. Give any man too many friends of the wrong kind and they will swamp him. Every saloon and every anarchist in America, from Herr Most down to Governor Altgeld, wanted the strike to succeed. There are a great many people in this country who, on the principle of "find out what your enemy wants, then do the opposite," will continue to oppose what the saloons all support. Whatever Herr Most wants, the loyal citizen is safe in wanting the other thing.

When I ask after the causes of this great disturbance, you point to a manufacturing city on the southern border of Chicago, and say "Pullman." No, Pullman was not the cause. Pullman was only a pin-scratch, which let the bad blood which is throughout the body politic come to the surface. For years, now, the gates of this nation have been wide open. We have invited the nations of the earth to dump their dirt here, without even the precaution sometimes seen at dumping places—"Dump only clean dirt here." The body politic has been gormandizing without regard to digestion or assimilation, and, as a result, the nation has been compelled to vomit. We have called this nation an asylum, and in the lurid flames of the Chicago riot we are compelled to see that the lunatics are loose.

As a result of our immigration laws, we have at one end of the consequences a horde of cheap laborers who are pressing upon the cottages and the subsistence of American laborers, who cry out against the conditions which they impose. At the other end of the consequences, we have a lot of cheap legislators—"cheap" in every sense till we foot the bills—who were trained, under despotism, and who know not the meaning of our liberties. Let Congress give us a law forbidding the landing of any immigrant who cannot present a certificate of good, moral conduct. Let us have a law disqualifying any man born on other than American soil from holding office as Mayor, Governor or Congressman. Nothing but profoundest reverence for the law of God will cure the evils from which we suffer, and restore that proper respect for human law so essential to the life of a republic.

The address closed with a reference to the slow but final emergence of liberty, which has builded and cemented the American Union as the sacred ark of the hopes of mankind. Let no rude hand dare to touch that ark.

## PACIFIC GROVE.

The Mayflower church at Pacific Grove has for several weeks been enjoying the fellowship of members of other churches. Our churches in San Francisco and Oakland, and in the surrounding towns and cities, have been quite well represented in the Grove this season.

It is a pleasure to have with us here those who do not lay aside their Christianity when away from home, but find delight in the Lord's house and with his people, wherever they may be. Some who have been with us have said that the services of the sanctuary, the Sunday worship and the midweek meeting, have been especially helpful and comforting to them; and in and for this wider field of influence, as well as for the narrower, Mayflower church thanks God and takes courage.

All our services are well attended by our own people. The Sunday morning congregations are large. Inasmuch as many of our people are of considerable age, the evening congregations are not so large as those of the morning; but there is no reason for any attempt to solve the evening service problem in Pacific Grove, for that problem does not face us yet. Most excellent Christian Endeavor meetings are held each Sunday evening, and the attendance at the prayer-meetings and the readiness of those in attendance to take part indicate, along with other things, a good spiritual condition of the church.

But here, of course, as elsewhere, there is room for improvement. Would that people everywhere could be brought to see more clearly the importance of all the services of the Lord's house! It is said that in his last days the venerable Bede dreaded much to be absent from the religious services of his monastery. "The angels are there," said he; "what if they find me not among the brethren? Will they not say, 'Where is Bede'?"

Among the visiting friends during the last week were Rev. F. H. Maar and Mrs. Maar, of our church at Niles.

The helpful sermon that our brother gave us last Sunday evening makes us desirous of calling on him again; but we forbear, so that he may return to his people at Niles rested, and ready once more for the good work he has been carrying on there.

Our hearts follow the former pastor of this church in the pleasant, restful time in the East. He asked us, in THE PACIFIC last week, not to disappoint the Church Building Society, and says, "Remember your vows." How can we forget them, with such earnest, loving remembrance and exhortation?

All the money Mrs. Sarah Ward's father had given her as a dowry she put into Yankton College. When he sent her additional gifts, they went to Yankton College. When some one asked her, soon after the death of her husband, the Rev. Joseph Ward, whether she was not sorry that she had not saved money enough to place a monument over his grave, she pointed to the College and said: "I do not regret it. That is his monument."

All who know the earnest work of our brother, Edwin Sidney Williams, in Pacific Grove and elsewhere, are anxious that Mayflower church shall always stand as one of his monuments. For this reason, as well as for that other and higher reason—that God may continually be honored and glorified in this place—the prayer of the Mayflower church is that the lives of all here associated may be Christlike lives.

On one side of the cornerstone of a church I once saw this inscription, "For the good of men"; on the other side, "To the glory of God." It is on such foundations that every true church must build. "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid—which is Jesus Christ." We all are thankful that in the providence of God the foundations have been laid here by an earnest servant of God. And we are glad to know that from time to time the prayers of not a few persons interested here and there in Mayflower church are going up to the heavenly throne for the best things for her in the future.

W. W. FERRIER.

PACIFIC GROVE.

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When the "strike" was at its height, Commander Branch of Newport, Vermont, telegraphed President Cleveland that one thousand volunteers from the ranks of the Grand Army in Vermont were at his service if occasion required; and Quartermaster-General Gilmore wired the several companies of the State militia to be ready for an emergency. Good for the old "Green Mountain" State!

# Religious News.

## PACIFIC COAST.

There was an unusually large attendance at the last Monday Club, when Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper read a paper on "The Holy Spirit." Several ladies from the First and Plymouth churches were in the audience. The comments on the paper were all favorable; it was comforting, instructive and timely. If we had the Spirit in all his fullness, whom our Heavenly Father is more willing to give unto us than earthly parents are to give good gifts unto their children, we should see eye to eye, and our religion would be all powerful over the world. The subject next Monday will be "The National Council," to be opened by Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown.

Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown preached in his own pulpit in the First church in this city last Sabbath, after a month's vacation, and an enforced absence of three Sundays more because of the "strike." In the morning his subject was "No More Curse." The sermon was followed by the Lord's Supper, when one was received by letter. Rev. Dr. J. C. Holbrook assisted at the table. Dr. Brown's subject at night was "The Great Strike and the Greater Nation." He showed very conclusively the vast difference between the two, as those will see who read the synopsis in this issue.

At the Fourth church, this city, special evangelistic services were conducted Sunday evening by Mrs. E. L. Peake. She is to labor two weeks in this field.

At Bethany church the pastor preached in the morning on the "Present Turmoil, and the Probable Outcome from It"; in the evening, the third in his course of Sunday evening lectures on Joseph: "From the Prison to the Palace, or What Comes of Doing One's Best and Waiting on the Lord?" The close of vacation with some increase of interest brings to this church a very gratifying attendance at both morning and evening services.

Rev. Philip Coombs's subject at Seventh-avenue chapel was "The Divinity of Justice." He makes good choice of subjects, and we have reason to believe that he handles them well.

The morning service was well attended at the Eglise Reformee Francaise. There were two baptisms, one child of this city, and one child from Fruitvale, and the reception of sixteen members, three on profession of faith, and thirteen from various French churches. The work is wonderfully blessed by the Lord, and is growing rapidly. Sabbath-school at 9:30 A. M. is improving, though only at its start. The prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings at 7:45 is filled with a true, sincere spirit of inquiry and earnestness. Rev. E. J. Dupuy is contemplating the celebration of a monthly service in Oakland, being confident that the prospects justify its creation.

Rev. William Rader's evening subject in the First church, Oakland, was "The National Heart."

Revs. W. W. Scudder of the First church, Alameda, and H. V. Rominger of Plymouth-avenue exchanged in the morning. We like to report these "exchanges"; they are a help to ministers and in the interests of good fellowship, and after the good old New England way.

Rev. Dr. M. Willett's subject in Pilgrim church was "A Contrast Between Divine Government and Human in the Light of Present Troubles."

Rev. F. B. Perkins preached in Market-street church, to the refreshment of Pastor J. H. Goodell and the enjoyment of his people.

Chaplain A. Drahms supplied the North Berkeley church.

Rev. A. K. Crawford has resigned his charge at Fitchburg and Melrose. The Sunday-schools have elected new officers, and are left in prosperous condition. His subject at Fitchburg Sunday evening was: "Jesus Christ *in* the Strike, not *on* the Strike."

Rev. John Rea has accepted the pastorate of the First Congregational church in Sausalito, and has begun work there. The new church building is well along, and will be ready for occupation on the first Sunday of August. Mr. Rea will reside in Mill Valley, and continue, as far as possible, the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor work now under way there. COM.

Rev. Griffith Griffiths, Eureka, preached an excellent sermon in Plymouth church on "Divine Sovereignty and the Freedom of the Will."

The Congregational Sunday-school at Black Diamond, Wash., gave a concert in the interests of the Congregational Sunday-school work on Sunday evening, July 1st, when a short, but interesting and appropriate, program was given, and a large collection taken. One of the suggestive features of the evening's service was an exercise by fifteen children, whose parts had been carefully taught them by one of the ladies of the church and Sunday-school, who is a confirmed invalid. This Sunday-school at Black Diamond is now enjoying a helpful period of rest from sectarian encroachments, which have sadly disgraced the fair name of the Baptist persuasion in this place in the past.

## EASTERN.

The new Trinity church, Cleveland, Ohio, has bought a lot and raised about $5,000 toward paying for it. At its first communion it received 34 members, making the whole number now 197.

The Sunday-school children of Kent county, Michigan, gathered at Grand Rapids and were addressed by Governor Rich in Lincoln Park June 28th. About 15,000 were present.

Evangelist Lippard will conduct meetings in a great tent at Freeport, Ill. It is the intention to use this tent in many places during the summer and fall.

The church in South Hadley, Mass., has begun to build a new house of worship to cost about $50,000.

The country church of Palaski, New York, has had a good degree of prosperity the past year.

In Norway, Maine, the church is building a new house to replace the one burned.

Special meetings are held during the summer in many places in Kansas.

The church in North Blanford, Mass., dedicated a new house July 3d.

## A NEW CHURCH.

A council called for the organization of a Congregational church met at Loomis, Placer county, on Tuesday, July 17th, at 2:30 P. M. Letters missive had been sent out inviting pastor and delegate to the Congregational churches at Sacramento, at Rocklin, Auburn, and Lincoln, as well as Revs. J. K. Harrison, Home Missionary Superintendent, W. H. Cooke, Sunday-school Missionary, and Rev. G. J. Webster.

The council was called to order, and Rev. E. D. Hale, pastor of the church in Lincoln, was chosen Moderator, and S. E. Carrington, of Sacramento, Scribe. All those invited were present, except the pastor of the Sacramento church, and pastor and delegate from the Auburn church.

A statement of the proceedings that led to the calling of the council was read, showing that there was a clear call, and a remarkably unanimous one, for the establishment of a Congregational church in this place. After a careful hearing of all the facts in the case, it was unanimously voted to proceed with the organization, and the following program was arranged for the evening by a committee composed of the Moderator, the Scribe, and Rev. G. J. Webster: Invocation and reading of Scripture, Rev. G. J. Webster; statement of findings of council, Moderator; address Rev. J. K. Harrison; reading of creed and covenant, Moderator; constituting prayer, Rev. W. H. Cooke; fellowship of the churches, Rev. E. D. Haven; election of officers for the new church; communion service, in charge of Revs. Cooke and Webster.

Eleven persons were present and united to form the new church. Others had expected to come, but were providentially detained. The enterprise is in charge of the Rev. G. J. Webster, late of Ashland, Or., but now resident in Sacramento. Services will be held for the present in a hall which has been kindly offered, free of cost, to the society. There is no other church nearer than Rocklin, though a Sunday-school and Y. P. S. C. E. have been existent for some time, both of which will now be incorporated into the new church.

The outlook for a successful church is very good, though the financial condition of the organization is not so good as might be desired, and its youth will be one of struggle for some time.

The attendance at the meetings is very encouraging, and is increasing, and it is likely that the First Congregational church at Loomis, Cal., will be one of the strong country churches of our State.

S. E. CARRINGTON, Scribe.

Rev. J. B. Stewart, D.D., while preaching in the First Presbyterian church in Los Angeles, last Sabbath, became suddenly very ill and died soon after. He was for a time, a few years ago, associate pastor with Dr. Robert Mackenzie in the First Presbyterian church in this city, and he occasionally supplied the First Congregational church, and was active in the Ministerial Union. He was an excellent preacher and scholar, a devout Christian, and died in the harness, as what faithful minister would not desire to do.

An ex-Mayor of this city, E. W. Burr, and an ex-Governor of California, Frederick F. Low, have passed away since our last issue; both of them died in a good old age, leaving honored names. Governor Low worthily represented the State in Congress, and the nation as American Minister in China. Both were largely connected with banking institutions in this city.

The action of the Henry McShane Manufacturing Company in restoring to their employes the ten per cent. which had been cut during the hard times of the winter, is deserving of commendatory consideration. This bell company's advertisement is regularly in our paper.

## A DELAYED LETTER.

These be troublous times, and in point of mail facilities we are carried back to the experiences of a quarter of a century ago—even worse; a third of a century ago would be nearer the mark. Some complain of the tyranny of "capital"; what can be more galling to every interest and every individual than the tyranny of "labor"? If capital seeks to crush labor, that is wrong; if labor, to retaliate, seeks to crush and destroy capital, that is wrong; never in the history of the world have two wrongs made one right, and they never will. Other means must be used to bring the opposing forces into harmony. Years have been required to bring about the present state of affairs; it will take years of conscientious Christian statesmanship to provide a remedy that will be acceptable to both sides. To a large extent, the sin of covetousness is at the bottom of the whole trouble, and the Golden Rule lived up to is the remedy, and the only one. Can that be made the law of life? Humanly speaking, probably not; but we as a people can practice it to a far greater extent than we do, and by so much do we solve many of the vexed problems of life.

Among the many things which ought to be done are a few that are imperative; namely, immigration must be restricted; disregard of law must be abated; the purity of the ballot must be maintained, and its use restricted to those, native-born and foreigners, who have lived in our country at least ten years; the man who offers a bribe of money, drink, or promise of a place, and the man who accepts the same, should be perpetually disfranchised; the privilege of casting a ballot should be considered the most sacred that can be given to a citizen. As a nation, we have sown to the wind, and we have been reaping the whirlwind for three weeks past, and the end is not yet. If these experiences only arouse the public conscience they will not have been in vain. While I am not a pessimist in any sense, it is useless to deny that, in common with every other lover of our country, I feel that there is occasion for grave apprehension about our future as a nation unless the questions now before us are settled right, and that must be in accordance with Christ's teachings.

A very important movement in relation to organizing a Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association has been recently put on foot, with a fair prospect of culminating in a grand success. Several eminent Chautauquans and educators have been consulted, and, with the aid of Rev. J. S. Smith of Ashland, Oregon, Superintendent of the Pacific Coast Chautauquas, a temporary organization has been effected, and a three days' program arranged for July 24th, 25th and 26th, at Gladstone Park, near Oregon City. This park, so called, is practically as nature has made it, and is one of the loveliest spots—70 acres in extent—that can be imagined, easily accessible by boat, rail, electric car, bicycle, buggy or on horseback. Several speakers of national reputation had been engaged, both on this Coast and in the East, but the uncertainty of railway communication will probably prevent their arrival; but there is a strong corps of able and interesting speakers in the State, in the different professions, all of whom manifest a deep interest in the successful outcome of the movement, and who are willing to "lend a hand" in helping it on.

Tuesday, July 24th, will be "Young People's Day," with excursions of Sunday-schools, Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Y. M. C. A., etc., from all parts of the State, with rousing music and a strong young people's program; Wednesday, July 25th, "Patriotic Day," devoted to the discussion of national, social, and economic questions, with the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, Woman's Relief Corps, various orders, etc.; Thursday, July 26th, is "Education Day," for teachers, colleges, Chautauquas, etc.

Council for recognition of the Congregational church of Detroit was held at that place on the 6th inst. Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, Rev. C. H. Curtis and Rev. W. C. Kantner of Corvallis were present. The latter preached an eloquent sermon, to the delight of all present. Rev. C. H. Curtis gave the right hand of fellowship, with appropriate remarks, and Superintendent Clapp closed with an impressive charge to the church.

The contracts for the completion of the new edifice of the First church of this city were let last Tuesday evening, and the work will be pushed forward with all reasonable speed, with the expectation that it will be ready to occupy by December 1st.

Dr. Wallace make another glowing address on the plaza last Sunday afternoon to a large audience of people, mainly of a respectable class. A few roughs attempted to make trouble, but they were, in the main, restrained by the timely presence of two policemen. In the evening, he spoke in the church on some of the causes of the present trouble to an audience which packed the house in every part, notwithstanding that it was a very warm evening.

GEO. H. HIMES.

PORTLAND, July 13, 1894.

## FROM OREGON.

There is no more difficult office to fill in this State than that of Mayor of this city, to which Mr. George P. Frank, son of Deacon A. S. Frank of our First church, by a large Republican majority, was recently elected. His term of service began with the first of the present month. Under the new city charter, which went into effect at that time, the Mayor has practically unlimited powers, and has to bear almost the entire responsibility of good or bad government of the city, as the case may be. Mr. Frank is an able business man, and stands high in commercial circles, being at the head of a large and successfully managed agricultural implement house. He promises to give us a good, clean "business administration," and the general character of the man in this community gives hopeful promise that he will keep his word. To what extent he will endeavor to correct many of the gross abuses that have, for years, existed in our midst, it is yet too early to predict. He, or any one else, who tries to do this, will meet with stout opposition from the start. If the opposing forces were only those who are uniformly found on the side against decency, economy, and good order generally, the work of properly administering city affairs would not be so difficult; but, as it is, there are numerous persons, to their shame be it said, who are supposed to be on the right side of all moral questions—some of them church members—whose love of gain so obscures their vision that they wink at outrageous practices, and even permit them to be carried on on their own premises—and hence are virtually law-breakers—that the matter of enforcing laws for the restraint and punishment of those who violate every principle of morality and right-living, from a worldly standpoint, to say nothing about the Christian idea, requires a man of uncommon resolution and administrative ability. It is believed that every good citizen, regardless of party, will give Mayor Frank cordial support in any effort he may put forth to relieve our fair city from much of the shamelessness which now abounds here.

The joyful sound of saw and hammer, and the presence of numerous busy workmen, were heard and seen all the past week at the new building of the First church in this city. Notwithstanding prevailing depression, the movement to make ready this structure for occupancy has had a beneficent effect upon the whole city, to say nothing of the feelings of hopefulness which have been inspired in the hearts of those immediately interested.

Vacation time is upon us, and thousands have already gone to the coast, or to the mountains, or to the many delightful camping places which abound near by this city. So far, the principal churches have maintained regular worship, with but slightly diminished congregations; but from now on the exodus is likely to be greater, and some of the churches will doubtless be closed. There will be no interruption in the First church services, however, a fact which is apparently appreciated by the uniformly good congregations always in attendance.

Once more death has entered our circle and taken from us an old and valued member—Mrs. Elizabeth D. Warren, wife of F. M. Warren, and mother of Frank M. Warren, aged 75 years 11 months and 25 days. Mr. and Mrs. Warren came to Oregon from Massachusetts in 1857, and have had many of the experiences incident to pioneer life. A little later they united with the First church, and ever since faithfulness has marked their career among us.

Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., editor of the New York *Evangelist*, one of the noteworthy four brothers of that name who rightfully enjoy a national reputation for good works, and of whom every citizen of our country should be proud, arrived in our city last Friday on his return from Alaska. After visiting the incomparable scenery of this vicinity and the Columbia river, he will start for New York over the Union Pacific early in the week.

The flood of six weeks ago is a memory only; scarcely a trace of it left so far as the city is concerned. Even those most disturbed by it now say their losses were but trifling as compared with their expectations. And as to health, it is the universal testimony of physicians that it is unusually good for this time of year. As the water receded, cleansing followed apace; cellars, etc., were pumped dry, and sanitary methods enforced; many a place previously unwholesome is now fully cleansed. On the banks of the Columbia, to be sure, where the current ran swiftly, the loss was great in homes broken up temporarily and crops destroyed; but even here the loss has been less than expected. Crops have been resown, and abundant harvest, though late, is promised. But little destitution is reported, comparatively, and this is relieved in most of cases as soon as known.

While the great strike is over in one sense, its results yet disturb us, and in no way more than in the irregularity of our mail services. However, the outlook is hopeful, and soon normal conditions will prevail, not to be disturbed again in a great while. Yet, to prevent it, great patience, wisdom and firmness must be exercised, with due regard to the rights of men on both sides of the controversy that still is on, although temporarily slumbering.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was recently conferred on Rev. W. C. Kantner of the Corvallis church by Richmond College.

Rev. Wallace Nutting, D.D., Plymouth church, Seattle, was recently taken down with a severe attack of typhoid fever. At last accounts, his condition was as hopeful as could be expected.

"The Philosophy of Tears" was the subject of Dr. Wallace's sermon this morning. The tear of prophecy, the tear of sympathy, the tear of sorrow, the tear of faith and expectation and the tear from the fulness of joy were each brought out and clearly and forcefully illustrated. The tear collectively was esteemed to be the dynamic force which stirs and moves the world. GEO. H. HIMES.

PORTLAND, July 22, 1894.

## CALIFORNIA CHINESE MISSION.

Rev. Dr. Pond is greatly embarrassed for want of funds to carry on his various missions for the Chinese in this State, by reason of the hard times. Several of his staunchest supporters are unable to continue their contributions, and others are obliged to reduce the amount. There is not, he says, a dollar in the treasury. He has been obliged to notify teachers that he could not promise anything for the months of June, July, and August, and he should not blame them if they should stop work. But not one has done so. The spirit of all has been expressed by one, "The schools must not close, pay or no pay." The schools are unusually well attended, and "the work," Dr. Pond says, "is being unusually well done. If I cannot pay the salaries, some of the faithful workers must suffer, more or less." It is to be hoped that Dr. Pond will be sustained in his noble and self-denying work, and that friends of the cause will come forward to his relief. J. C. H.

## MARRIED.

LOVE—SISKRON.—In this city, July 18, 1894, by Rev. A. K. Crawford, Alfred Travis Love and Miss Juliette Siskron, both of San Francisco.

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| Arnica of Myrrh Tooth Soap | 20 |
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| Paine's Compound and Hall's Catarrh Cure | 60 |
| Malvina Cream or Dickey's Creme de Lis | 35 |
| Hot Water Bottles .2 qr., 70c; 3 qr., 80c; 4 qr. | 90c |
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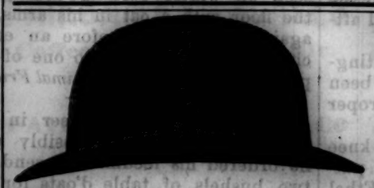

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# Young Folks.

## Tales of a Grandmother.

We remember very well
The stories she would tell
To us children clustered 'round about her chair,
Of the fairyland so bright,
With its music and its light,
And of princes, dwarfs and "maids with gold hair."

There was dear old "Fatty" bold—
'Twas a tale that ne'er grew old—
And the giant with his dreadful "Fe, Fo, Fum,"
"Sinbad," too, and "Little Nell,"
Down the bean-stalk poor "Jack" fell;
"Cinderella," "Forty Thieves," "Hop o' my Thumb."
Fair "Fatima's" life, we feared,
Would be taken by "Blue Beard";
"Hans in Luck" was already greeted with a smile;
"Goody Two Shoes" had a place,
Many fairies, full of grace,
In the "Elf King's" crystal palace danced the while.

Oh, how graphic it all seemed!
Why, sometimes we almost deemed
We would hear some monster knocking at the door;
Pressing nearer to her side,
With our young eyes open wide,
We would shiver if a pin dropped on the floor.

When a funny tale would end,
Loud the shouts of mirth we'd send,
Till the room would fairly quiver with the noise.
"Tell another, grandma, please,"
We'd implore her on our knees.
"Just one more, then; 'tis the last one, girls and boys."

So we settled down once more,
Heard the tale of ancient lore,
Keeping quiet, so that nothing should be missed.
After hearing one or two,
We, as good children do,
Went to bed, each stooping over to be kissed.

When our happy-hearted band
Fast were journeying to that land
Where the little folks assemble when they sleep,
She would come so softly in,
"Pat us down," and "tuck us in,"
Praying softly to the Lord "their souls to keep."

—*Ethel Mansfield Ross.*

## JESSIE'S MISSION.

"O, dear! there goes the door-bell, and mamma is out, and the children are so noisy. I know my mission is not with the children." By this time Jessie had reached the front door, and opened it to receive Mr. Morris, the minister.

Frowns disappeared at once, for Mr. Morris was a general favorite with his young people.

"How are you to-day, my young friend?" was his kindly greeting.

"I am very well, thank you; just take this easy chair, Mr. Morris. Mamma is over at Aunt Mary's; I will go and call her," Jessie hastened to reply.

"Never mind, Jessie, I will visit with you this time, and come again to see your mother. You make quite a good housekeeper and nursemaid when she is away," he said, glancing across the hall to where the children were playing. "How nice it is that you are able to take care of them. You have a great influence over your little brothers and sisters, remember."

Jessie's fair face flushed as she replied: "Mr. Morris, do you not think that every girl has her mission in this world somewhere?"

"Most certainly, and one great trouble is, some people, it seems, cannot find theirs."

"That's just it," replied Jessie. "I feel as if I had a mission somewhere, but I don't know where to find it. Mamma has papa and the children to care for. Sometimes I get discouraged, and feel as if I never would find anything to do. In fact, I don't know what to do, or how to find anything," Jessie explained, with rising color.

Mr. Morris' sweet old face grew tender, and his kind gray eyes beamed as he took Jessie's hand and said: "My dear, perhaps I can help you to find your mission. In the first place, I think you will not have to go out of your home to find the beginning of it."

"O, Mr. Morris!" exclaimed Jessie. "You have Amy, Ethel, and little Charlie to care for. You can help mamma and see that she has more leisure moments. When papa comes home tired with his day's work, see that his slippers are warmed and his easy chair pulled up to the stand—the paper and some books placed there. In the long evenings, sing or read aloud to mamma as she works. These small duties in your home will open the door to outside and larger duties. Now, my young friend, I will leave you to discover the remainder of your mission, but remember to do all for Jesus' sake. Good-by."

"Perhaps he is right; anyway, I will give his plan a fair trial," Jessie said to herself, as the door closed after the minister.

She hastened to the family sitting-room to where the children had been moving everything out of its proper order.

She took baby Charlie on her knee and sang him to sleep. Then, putting him in his little crib, told Ethel to see how nice she could rock him.

She seemed to enthuse the children with her spirit, and soon, with Amy's help, order came out of disorder, quiet out of confusion.

The fire was burning brightly in the grate, and, as she drew her father's easy-chair to the fire, and placed his slippers by its side, she glanced at the clock and saw that it was half-past four.

Five o'clock was supper time, and Jessie thought that she could start the fire, put on the coffee, and make cream toast, and this, with cold tongue and jelly, would be sufficient.

She immediately set about her task, and, just as the clock struck five, Mrs. Reed came in, all out of breath, and hastened to the neat little kitchen, but on the threshold she stopped in amazement. The table was neatly set for tea, the aroma of the coffee met her, and then she came forward and said:

"Jessie, my darling, how thankful I am for you. Aunt Mary was quite sick, and I stayed longer than I intended, but you have everything just as nice as I could have done it. How pleased papa will be!"

And so he was. Another surprise awaited them when they adjourned to the sitting-room and found everything in neatest order.

As the evening passed, Jessie exerted herself to entertain the children, so that her papa and mamma could enjoy a long, cosy talk.

As she kissed her mother good-night, Mrs. Reed said, "My dear, you are such a comfort to me."

Once started, and finding that she was doing right, Jess e applied herself diligently to her daily duties, and, day by day, her face grew brighter and fairer.

Many an old person learned to watch for her sunny face and listen for her quick footsteps, but the ones who enjoyed the most pleasure and benefit from her work were those of her own family circle.

Some two years after the minister's call, two ladies were standing in front of a large store chatting, when Jessie passed with a bright smile and a pleasant word for one of them.

As soon as she passed, the other lady asked, "Who is that happy-looking girl?"

"Oh! that is Jessie Reed. She is one of the brightest, cheeriest persons that I know of, always doing something for other people."—*Morning Star.*

## A LESSON FROM THE WRECKS.

Returning from India during the southwest monsoon, we tossed twenty-six days on the Indian Ocean. Rain and wind beat the steamer from side to side. During those long days, nothing was to be seen but clouds and the dark, raging sea.

The captain, one evening about five o'clock, invited us to go with him to the pilot bridge. Clinging to anything that would give us support, we soon reached the slender structure that spans the deck. Just ahead we saw the French mail steamer in as much trouble as ourselves; sometimes high up on a wave, and then almost lost to view as she sank amid the dark waters. We were near the Straits of Bab el Mandeb. Suddenly the French steamer lay quiet, and then went steaming smoothly along, while we made another headlong plunge.

"Never mind," said the captain, "that is about the last one."

In a few seconds our steamer shook herself loose from the wave, gave a shudder, and lo, we also were at rest, and on water so smooth there was not a ripple. We had turned from the Indian Ocean into the quiet waters leading to the Red Sea.

"Well," said I to the captain, "we can sleep in peace to-night." He made no answer, but entering the chart-room began a careful study of the channel. After half an hour of smooth sailing, he touched my arm and said:

"Look yonder."

I looked toward the African Coast, and saw a fine steamer at rest.

"It was a wreck," said he, surprised.

I answered: "It looks all right."

"Yes; but it is a lost ship."

In an hour we passed seven wrecks. "How is it they got into trouble in these quiet waters?" I asked.

"They did not study their chart, but followed false lights along the shore, or in the wake of steamers they thought to be right," he answered.

Let us learn a lesson from these wrecks. As we sail over the ocean of time, let us not follow others, or false lights; but study our chart, the Bible, and be guided by him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the light."—*Forward.*

Like many another celebrated author, Taine, the French critic and historian, had a special fondness for cats. He had even composed half a dozen sonnets to his favorite feline pets. One familiar with his household says that he was frequently seen on winter evenings sitting on the floor with a cat in his arms, or again on his knees before an easy-chair, talking nonsense to one of his pets asleep there.—*Our Animal Friend.*

Perkins is a little queer in his upper story, which is possibly why he ordered his feedman to send up two bushels of table d'oats for his horse. He'd heard they "made fine eating."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I don't think it's right for doctors to charge some patients more than others." "Oh, I do; life is worth a great deal more to a man who has a million dollars than it is to me."—*Newport Daily News.*

## ABOUT MONKEYS.

A French priest and dignitary of the church, Father Carbasson, owned an ourang-outang which was very fond of him. On one occasion the animal, escaping from the house, followed his master to the church. He mounted the sounding-board above the pulpit, and lay perfectly quiet until the sermon commenced. Then the creature crept to the edge of the sounding-board, and overlooking the preacher, imitated every gesture made by the priest until the congregation could not restrain their laughter. The good father rebuked his flock with very significant gestures. These gestures were so grotesquely caricatured by the animal that the people burst into roars of laughter, and one of their number, stepping forward, informed the priest of the cause of their merriment.

In the zoological gardens in London a monkey was taught to eat with knife and fork, and in the zoological gardens of Paris a monkey arranged his food on the table, using his napkin and knife and fork as well as a child.

In Africa and India, and in South America, monkeys are often employed to gather the fruit, which grows too high to be reached by the natives.

A cook on board ship taught his monkey to hand the wood, and in other ways to assist him in doing the kitchen work. African apes, when they go in a body to plunder gardens and plantations, are adroit enough to station a sentinel in a tree, who informs the plunderers of the approach of any person by uttering a shriek.

The author of the "History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest, and makes a signal with his forepaw. At this signal the others sit round him and listen. When they are all seated, he begins to utter a serious of sounds. When he stops these cries, he makes another signal with his paw, and others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings, but no other traveler has confirmed the statement.

The incident of the monkey using the cat's paw to take chestnuts out of the fire is said to have taken place in the hall of Pope Julius II.

Monkeys are not very brave, although the gorilla will sometimes attack an elephant when he is sure of his advantage. The male gorilla often carries a huge stick, and knows how to use it. As the elephant is fond of the same fruit which attracts the gorilla, an encounter frequently takes place. The gorilla, seated in the tree, sees the elephant approach, cautiously drops down to a bough, and, availing himself of the opportunity, brings his club sharply down on the sensitive trunk of the enemy, who rushes away trumpeting with anger and pain.

Apes and gorillas are usually vicious and resentful, and less addicted to playful tricks than the common monkey. Indeed, the monkey, as we all know, is a trickster both in his wild and his domestic state. In their native forests they spend hours in swinging from the branches of the trees, suspended by their tails, and chattering and grimacing with evident signs of delight. Humboldt mentions seeing over a hundred so employed in a South American forest.

The ordinary reader hardly realizes how many varieties of monkey exist. We hear of a monkey in the Indies with reddish brown bodies, black heads, and faces of a sky blue. There are monkeys with white eyelids and green monkeys to be found on the African continent and Cape de Verde islands. The "howlers," which inhabit South America, are large and fierce, and travelers describe their yells as absolutely appalling. So dreadful is the sound of their growlings and roarings that one would imagine that all the beasts of the forests had gathered together for a battle. These creatures are so fierce that even the most skillful and adventurous trainer is unwilling to teach them tricks. One of the most singular and most unsightly of all creatures is the proboscis monkey. A traveler who saw a troop of them in Borneo says it is impossible to imagine such hideousness. One must see it to believe it. This proboscis is cartilaginous, and can be inflated by the animal to a prodigious size, and suddenly to encounter such a visage from behind a tree in a Borneo wilderness is to be horrified as you never were before. Not a boy in the world would be willing to take such a creature as a pet. They are very active, and in bounding from tree to tree will clear a space of fifteen or twenty feet.

In noble qualities possessed by the dog and the horse, and even other animals, the monkey is lacking. At his highest estate he is a mere trickster.—*Harper's Young People.*

A man in our town who, although not claiming to be one of the wise men, nevertheless knows so much that it makes him tired to remember half of it, is labeling his library in sections. On one shelf he has dictionaries, encyclopedias and such like cheery tomes; on the next above, histories of wars and stories of battles; on the next, ancient history; on the next, orations and speeches of eminent statesmen and ministers; next, poetry; and on top, works of political economy, tariff, etc. So he labels these shelves consecutively: "Lore," "Gore," "Yore," "Roar," "Soar" and "Snore." He says he is going to make the room "a poem."—*Burdette.*

## BOUND HAND AND FOOT.

A town missionary, while one day visiting his parishioners, was asked by one of them why he never called to see Bill Blake. This Bill Blake was a notorious poacher and drunkard, a fierce, wild man. "He needs ye more than the lot of us, and ye never call. I say, aren't you a bit afraid of him."

Now that was the truth. Deep down in the missionary's heart he heard a voice saying, "coward." He went straight off home, got down on his knees before the Lord and said, "Lord, I am a coward; give me courage to go and see Bill Blake, and I'll go."

Jesus always answers honest prayers, and he did in this instance. Strong in the Lord, his servant went to see Bill. Bill Blake was astonished.

"I suppose you're come to try and convert me," he said.

"I suppose you're about right," said the missionary.

"Joey," said his father, "go upstairs and bring me that coil o' new rope that's lying there." Bill's boy soon returned with the rope. "Sit in that chair, Joey," was the next command.

The missionary stood by, wondering what Bill Blake was up to, as Joey seated himself in a great wooden chair that stood by the fireside. In silence Bill tied the boy's body to the back of the chair, and knotted him, arms and legs, hard and fast, all over. When he had done, he turned to his visitor and said, "Is he fast?"

"That he is," said the missionary.

"Can he get away?"

"No indeed, he cannot," was the reply.

"Well, see here missionary, that's just what I am; I'm fast bound, hand and foot, by my sins, and have been so for years, and I can't get away. Then pulling a knife from his pocket, he cut the rope all round his boy, and again turning to the missionary said, "Is he free?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did he free himself?"

"No, that he did not," said the now delighted missionary, who saw his chance to tell poor Bill of Jesus.

"Well," said Bill Blake, "when you can do that for me, I'll be glad to see you, but since you cannot, there's the door."

"Stop a bit, Bill," said the missionary, "stop a bit; although I cannot, I've a friend who can." Very soon the Jesus who was manifested to break every yoke, broke Bill Blake's and set him free.—*Reaper.*

A boy is sometimes denied rights that his sister gets without the asking. I recall to mind a family with with two honest, manly boys just nearing the border between youth and manhood. Their younger sister, a neat, dainty little miss, had her own room, with a bureau for her use alone. The boys, too, were supposed to have their private room and bureau. "All the trash that nobody wants in any other part of the house is shoved into our room, even May's doll rags," they very justly complained. The mother said her boys were "so untidy." Of course they were. What inducement to be otherwise had they?—*Ex.*

Mrs. Norris: "Where have you been, Robby? I told you not to stir till I got back." Robby: "Well, I only went down to the doctor's to ask him whether I was well enough to go out yet."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Mr. Dunn (angrily): "This bill has been running three years." Hardy Upton (calmly): "What else could you expect of it? You've been chasing it for two years and eleven months."—*Puck.*

Bridesmaid: "You poor, frightened darling. You looked scared to death at the altar." Bride: "Yes; George trembled so I was dreadfully afraid he'd lose courage and run away."—*New York Weekly.*


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# Home Circle.

## Our Boys.

"What shall we do with our boys?" he said,
Old Merchant Brown, to his business wed,
As with puzzled brow he shook his head.

"Will chooses the law," said Mrs. B.
"And Ned," says the father, "he stays with me.
I'll take him into the store as clerk,
And if he'll be steady and 'tend to work
He'll soon be partner, and when I die
He'll be a merchant the same as I."

"And now," asked the mother, "what about Jim?
Our youngest, what shall we do with him?"

Jim heard the question. "Father," said he,
"I'll tell you what you can do for me;
As all my boyish pranks are played,
It's time to begin—let me learn a trade.

"A trade, my son! That's a queer request.
I'd rather treat you the same as the rest,
And I can afford as well, you know;
And a trade, Jim, isn't that rather low?
I wanted to send you off to college,
To cram your brain with classical knowledge;
Then to choose a profession that pleases you best.
You learn a trade, Jim? I'm sure you jest!'

"No, father, I mean just what I say;
I've thought of the matter for many a day,
And that is the serious choice I've made;
If you don't object, let me learn a trade.
You say it's low, but we don't agree;
All 'labor is honor,' it seems to me.

"Not every lawyer can find success,
Not every doctor, as you'll confess;
But a man with a trade and a thorough skill
Can find employment, look where he will.
As for education, I still may learn—
The night-schools and lectures will suit my turn."

Then parents and brothers had their say,
But Jim stood firm till he had his way.

Will went through college, and studied law,
And looked for clients he seldom saw.

Ned worked as clerk for a three years' term,
Then his father took him into the firm.

Jim learned his trade, and learned it well,
His motto in all things to excel.
His nights he spent in filling his mind
With useful knowledge of every kind.
As time went onward, all he learned
To good and wise account he turned;
Until, within him he found, one day,
A talent rare for invention lay;
And, before very many years were past,
His fortune had come to him at last;
Though long ere this he had found what's best—
A home with a wife and children blest.

The merchant died, and then 'twas known
His wealth had in speculation flown.
Then Jim, the open-handed, said:
"Here's a home for mother and Brother Ned!"
And even wise Will looks up to him,
For there's nobody now like Brother Jim.

"What shall we do with our boys?" you said;
"'Tis best if you let them learn a trade.
You think it is low, but we don't agree;
All 'labor is honor,' it seems to me,
And a man with a trade and a thorough skill
Can find employment, look where he will."

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

The infant class-room of the Seventh-street church was full almost to overflowing one December morning, for the Sunday-school was in a flourishing condition. Outside, the grass sparkled in the warm sunshine with the drops of the last night's shower. The outer doors stood wide open and the scent of roses and heliotrope came in.

Little Archie Ross was paying more attention to the beauties of nature than to the beauties of the lesson as unfolded by his teacher. It was such an astonishing thing! He had only come to California the day before and was his cousin Jennie's guest to-day. At his Eastern home the flowers had been nipped and pinched to death by Jack Frost long ago; the trees were bare, and looked cold and shivery, with little icicles hanging on the branches, instead of leaves and blossoms; the wide fields and lawns were covered with snow; but here the calla hedges were white with lilies.

His small mind was bewildered, and he wiggled about and was stretching his neck to look out of the window when his little cousin gave him a gentle poke, and he found that the teacher was speaking to him.

"Has this little new boy ever heard this 'still, small voice' that we have been speaking about?"

Alas! Archie had not heard anything; not even the teacher's pleasant voice, so he looked at her in confusion and did not answer.

"Isn't there something that tells you when you are naughty? What is it?"

"Mamma?" Archie ventured interrogatively.

Mrs. Alden laughed. She was conscience herself to twe sturdy little fellows, and understood him.

"There is something else that speaks as distinctly as mamma sometimes, little children. It is conscience, and has been called 'a still, small voice,' that tell us when we are naughty."

The little visitor became more interested.

"Can it say: 'Don't handle anything. Archie, you mustn't meddle?'" he asked.

The teacher could not repress a smile. As she went on with her explanation, she looked at those chubby fingers and wondered if the child was led into his besetting sin by those mischievous little members.

They looked innocent enough, those dimpled hands, but they caused no end of trouble in the Ross household. Every kind of pleasant things had been put into them, as a bribe, to no avail. They bad been spatted till they were a bright red, but almost before the flush faded they were wandering in forbidden places. They had been ignominiously tied together for an hour at a time, and with his own red reins, too, that grandma had knitted and sewed the bells on.

This one bad habit was a constant grief and worriment to his mother.

The next morning before she left the library she put most of the breakable things on the shelf of the bookcase, beyond his reach, and charged him to leave things alone.

"Jennie will be through practicing soon, and we are going with Uncle Harry to the ranch. Be a good boy while I am dressing, and don't touch anything."

Archie looked a few minutes through the picture-book that had been left for his amusement, but it was not very interesting, and the restless little boy began to wander about the room.

There was a singular thing in the library, the figure of a dark Spaniard dressed in red and yellow silk clothes, with great jewels in the trimmings (which Jennie had told him were not truly rubies). Uncle Harry turned a key in this man's back, and all at once his hand began to move in a jerky way over the mandolin he held, he made extraordinary motions with his mouth, and the most delightful music sounded through the room.

"If I could lift him off the stand just a little minute and look down his froat," Archie thought. "He is not so big as me."

He trifled with the temptation instead of turning away, and raised his hands toward the figure.

"O dear, O dear, O dear!" came from the dining-room in a most terrifying shriek.

Archie dropped his arms in fright. Then he reflected that it must be Quong, the Chinese cook, arranging the table. He had laughed at his funny voice and words yesterday. He tiptoed across the hall and peeped in. There was no living thing there but a strange green bird, clambering upside down in his cage in the window. Archie remembered his mother's caution, and thought uneasily of what the teacher had said. Maybe that was the voice! He sat down quietly for what seemed to him a long time (but which was in reality only a few minutes), with his back to the tempting image. Nothing happened. Then he rose and walked slowly toward it, and gazed longingly into the waxen face.

"If I could only make him sing," he thought. "I wouldn't tumble him down."

Poor Archie! Things were so apt to tumble down with him.

He looked through the dining-room and saw that there was no one there.

Again he raised his hands.

"O dear, O dear, stop that, stop that, pa-pa, pa-pa!" came from the empty dining-room louder and harsher than before.

"O dear, O dear!" Archie repeated, scared almost to death. "It is the voice; it is the 'still, small voice.' I won't be naughty any more."

By this time the frightened little boy was crying at the top of his voice. His uncle rushed in at the door, while his mother and cousin hurried through another.

"What's the matter?" they demanded in a breath.

"He doesn't like being left alone in a strange room," his uncle explained, before Archie could get his breath to speak. "Bring his hat, Jennie, the carriage is here."

"We'll have heaps of fun, Archie," Jennie cried. "We can pick all the oranges and strawberries we like."

"Just think, dear, we are going to pick strawberries in December," his mother added.

Though she spoke gayly, she had some misgivings. Archie always picked so much of everything.

After a lovely drive over green hills, they reached the ranch. Although most of the oranges are not ripe until February, a few early trees hung out their yellow balls against the dark leaves.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing among all these unfamiliar sights to Archie's mamma was the unheard of behavior of that young man. He had to be really urged to pick the ripe, red berries, and to be helped up the step-ladder where Jennie was pulling off the oranges. When the ranchman's wife offered him a big sweet-smelling nosegay, he actually looked at his mother for permission before he took it.

The explanation came at bedtime, when Archie always made his confessions, and all the crooked little matters of the day were straightened out.

"'Twasn't a small voice, mamma, nor still," he said. "'Twas awful loud; but I'm glad I came to Uncle Harry's and found my conscience. Now I can always 'member and not touch your watch and things."

Jennie's green parrot still hangs behind the lace curtains in the dining-room, and calls out at intervals, sometimes to the confusion of the passers by, "O dear, O dear; stop that, stop that; pa-pa-a, pa-pa-a"

She never knows that instead of her plain name of "Polly," she is oftener called "Archie's Conscience."

—*New York Observer.*

London Jews will erect a $50,000 hospital in Jerusalem.

## THE BEAUTY OF GIVING.

From the *Arena* we glean this beautiful lesson: In the year 1892 a gentleman, with some earnest assistants who were giving their time and means to relieving and uplifting the poor of St. Paul, Minnesota, found that as winter approached there were about two hundred and fifty families, more than two-thirds of which were without male heads, who were facing starvation. There were more than two thousand persons in those two hundred and fifty homes—a little army who could not think of the coming winter without a chill of terror.

An appeal was made to the authorities of the public schools of the city for permission to allow those children who desired to contribute something toward making Thanksgiving a day of gladness to those prisoners of poverty. The authorities consented. The teachers joined in the plan with an enthusiasm equalled only by that of the children. The problem was explained to the little ones, and they were left to bring anything they chose. Soon the stone began to roll, and little by little contributions were brought in by the children. In four days the forty-three public schools of St. Paul donated one hundred and seventy-two wagon loads of provisions, fuel and clothing for distribution, although no one pupil brought more than a peck of any kind of fruit or vegetables. Many incidents occurred which proved how valuable as a soul-developer was the opportunity given the little ones to help others.

So much for the story of Thanksgiving week in St. Paul in 1892. In 1893 the noble work was repeated on a larger scale. Over two hundred bushels of potatoes alone were contributed.

## GENERAL HANCOCK'S FIRMNESS.

The anecdote which the *Atlanta Constitution* tells of General Hancock serves to remind us that those who drink lose all sense of the fitness of things, and disgrace both themselves and their friends.

General Hancock was in command of the train which brought General Grant's remains from Mt. McGregor to New York. He and his staff were in the coach next to the last. In the rear car was a party of Pennsylvania militia officers, who were popping an occasional bottle of champagne and smoking quite sociably. General Hancock saw from his car what was going on in the rear. It did not comport with his ideas of the proprieties of so solemn an occasion, and, calling the conductor, he said:

"Will you present my compliments to those gentlemen, with the request that they cease smoking and drinking?"

In a few moments the conductor returned with the announcement that the convivial officers returned their compliments with a peremptory declination to relinquish their cigars or wine.

"Where is the next switch?" asked Hancock.

"About five miles below," replied the conductor.

"When you reach it, if the smoking and drinking in that car has not ceased, switch it on a side track and leave it. You may tell the gentlemen what I have said."

In two minutes cigars and wine were not to be seen in the rear coach. Its occupants knew that Hancock meant just what he said.

## A WOMAN'S WIT.

Dr. Adler tells a good story about a verbal sparring match between the Emperor Hadrian and a rabbi. Said the Emperor: "Why, your God is represented as a thief, for he surprised Adam in his sleep and robbed him of one of his ribs." The rabbi's daughter craved permission for reply, and when her request was granted she said: "Let me implore thine imperial protection. A great outrage has been inflicted upon us." "What has happened?" asked the Emperor. She answered: "In the darkness of the night an audacious thief broke into our house. He took a silver flagon from our chest of plate and left a golden one in its place." "Would that such a robber would visit my palace every day!" said Hadrian. "And was not the Creator such a thief as this?" retorted the girl, "for he stole from Adam a rib, and in lieu thereof gave unto him a living, lovely wife."

## A USE FOR MOSQUITOES.

The practice of inoculating new residents of Cuba with yellow fever conveyed by mosquito bites has been continued by Drs. Ginlay and Delgado, of Havana, for ten years. They now report completed observations on 52 cases of mosquito inoculation, in only 8 per cent. of which was yellow fever contracted in a well marked form, with a mortality of less than 2 per cent. Of 65 monks, who arrived in Havana and lived there under similar conditions, 33 were inoculated and 32 were not, only 2 of the former having well marked attacks, in neither case fatal, while there were 11 severe cases among the uninoculated, and not less than 5 deaths.

You may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side.

# The Farm.

Creamery associations might extend their operations into other branches than the mere handling of milk and the manufacture and sale of its products. The creamery at St. Albans, Vermont, has for a long time been engaged in the business of buying dairy feed, such as bran, middlings, oil-meal, gluten meal, etc., and furnishing the same to the patrons. Buying in large quantities for spot cash, they are able to purchase at the very lowest prices; and, as farmers can receive and haul it directly on arrival, there is no accumulation of charges for handling and storing. The business can be done with almost no additional expense to the creamery management. Where such an institution exists, it should be made to serve every possible purpose by which its patrons could be benefited, and they should be used as a basis for extending the principles of co-operation in both buying and selling.

Too much leisure is often manifested in the matter of harvesting the corn crop. Some farmers seem to think that after it is well ripened it cannot be damaged by standing, and so permit it to remain in the field until some wholly convenient time for gathering; but corn, as well as other crops, should be harvested and put securely away as soon as it is ready. Depreciation will result from many causes when left standing in the field after it is ripe and dry. Some stalks will droop until the ears touch the ground, and then rot at the tips if wet weather comes. Others will be pecked by birds, and where the husk opens the entire ear may be damaged by rain. Beside this, when the corn is harvested so late very little good can be had from the fodder. It gets over-ripe, and is blown to pieces by the wind, so that the stalk field is of slight value even for pasturage.

Coal ashes are very good for scouring tins or knives. Sift them, and have them at hand in a box on the sink shelf ready for use. They are almost as efficient as sapolio, more so than Bath brick, and costs only the trouble of sifting.

The best way to clean a wood pasture where the young sprouts are becoming troublesome is to turn in the sheep. If you happen not to have a flock, buy them. Perhaps you will find them useful in other ways.

It is folly to buy manures and let those go to waste that are made at home. By slip-shod methods one-half the value of all the manurial products of our farms is lost before the manure reaches the field.

If you have not done so already, don't put off white-washing the walls and stalls of the stable another day. It will make the stable lighter, the air purer, and give a more cheerful aspect all around.

In Ireland, recently, a quarrel had taken place at a fair, and a culprit was being sentenced for manslaughter. The doctor, however, had given evidence to show that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say for himself, replied: "No, yer honor; but I would ask, was that a skull for a man to go to a fair with?" Nor should any one go into reforms who is thin-skinned or thin-skulled. He should be not "thick headed," but "hard headed," for the harder he presses the enemy the larger share of the blows he will get. As Dr. Pentecost once said, "If any one will live earnestly, he must stand the racket."

"Mary Jane," said the rector, solemnly, "the steak is cooked to a crisp, and the potatoes are raw. You have left undone the things that ought to be done, and cooked too done the things that ought not to be done."—*Indianapolis Journal.*


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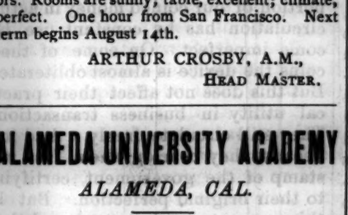

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THIS page of THE PACIFIC has been devoted by the publishers to Southern California interests, and is edited by Rev. H. P. CASE, REV. J. T. FORD, and President C. G. BALDWIN. The Southern office is located at Claremont, Los Angeles county, Cal. Address all matter to C. G. Baldwin.

# Southern California.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: All subscriptions from Southern California will be received by the Claremont office. For information address C. G. Baldwin, Claremont, Cal. The Los Angeles Association has passed a resolution to the effect that "*one copy should be in every Congregational family.*"

## GENERAL NOTES.

Rev. George H. DeKay is finding many hopeful indications in his work at Santa Monica. Sunday-school and audiences are steadily increasing; the Endeavor Society has life in it; in fact, it has been the life center of this church from the beginning. A project is well in hand for a church building. A liberal offer has been made of a fine piece of property on a condition somewhat novel, yet paralleled many times in our land, forty odd years ago, in old anti-slavery times. If the condition is accepted, it will list our work at Santa Monica as one of the few prohibition churches. And why not? The fight is on. Sooner or later this test will come to every Christian church of America.

The first Congregational prayer-meeting of Los Angeles was recently put in charge of the Young Woman's Missionary Society. Under their auspices, Mrs. Chapin, for twenty years a missionary at Tung Choo, North China, and whose daughter has recently returned there to carry on the work of her mother, gave a deeply interesting account of the recent revival that has spread through all missions of North China. She read copious extracts from recent letters that told the old story of Pentecost. The reader was evidently so overjoyed at the news from the field of her former long and patient missionary work that she seemed beside herself. Some of her hearers soliloquized, Are these missionaries crazy, or are most church members like Gallio?

The church in Long Beach, under the pastoral care of Rev. D. Lloyd Jenkins, is encouraged by increasing congregations. The mid-week prayer-meeting is well attended. Five members have been added to the church during the past month.

The church at Westminster has received ten members since Rev. D. C. Starkey became pastor, about January 1st, nine by letter and one on confession of faith.

Rev. F. F. Pearse, pastor of the church in Santa Barbara, is absent on vacation. The Congregational and Presbyterian churches hold union services during the vacation season. Rev. Dr. Carrier of the Presbyterian church conducts the services while Pastor Pearse is absent, and Pastor Pearse during the vacation of Dr. Carrier.

The church at Escondido received five members by letter and one on confession at the last communion service. Congregations at Escondido have largely increased during the past year. The pastor holds service Sunday afternoon at Richmond, where the schoolhouse is well filled for Sunday-school and preaching service. Work is begun on a ditch to bring water to the valley, for which the water district has bonded itself to the amount of $250,000. The place has taken on new hope and new enterprise with the prospect of incoming water. The church also rejoices in a brighter outlook for material prosperity. We pray for an inflow of the water of life, bringing also spiritual prosperity.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

Pasadena First Congregational Sunday-school sends Children's Day offering of $12.

Pilgrim Congregational Sunday-school, Pomona, sends Children's Day offering of $6.40.

Saticoy Congregational Sunday-school sends an offering of $2.50.

Our Sunday-school at Santa Monica is taking new courage and manifesting a purpose to live and grow, in both numbers and efficiency. A neat Bible is offered for the most successful missionary work bringing in new scholars. Pastor DeKay is starting a young people's class which will take up the inductive studies in the "Life of Christ." An excellent thing to do, as they can well be carried on harmoniously with the International system of lessons.

The Alpine Center school reports an average of eighteen attendance the past quarter out of an enrollment of twenty-five. Some "Home Department" work is carried on in connection with this school among families too distant to be regularly present at the Sunday-school.

The Horols school has had to suspend until September by reason of the public school building being rented for private uses.

The Gabilan Sunday-school loses its Superintendent and his family, but while sorely missing this worker, the little band will be led in Bible study (a half dozen new prize Bibles having been earned by as many children the past quarter) by a faithful Christian mother who cannot bear that her children should be without Sunday-school influence.

Superintendent Case gave a special Bible reading and blackboard outline preview of the coming year's lessons on the "Life of Christ" at Santa Monica, July 15th. A preview may be as useful as a review.

## A LEARNED FALLACY.

It has been said that "if an inerrant original Bible is vital to faith, we can not escape the conclusion that an inerrant present Bible is vital to faith." In an article in the *Independent*, not many months before his death, Professor Philip Schaff took substantially the same ground. He said, "Since God made no provision for infallible transcribers, translators and printers of the Bible, we must infer that verbal inspiration is not necessary." This statement has been repeated so often that it would seem to be an article of faith with many of our present-day Biblical scholars. But will it bear investigation? To us the opposite conclusion seems to be the true one. The fact that there are errors in our present Bible, through the faults of transcribers, translators and printers, makes it all the more important that the original Bible should have been free from error. An illustration may help us to see this point. A large portion of our coined money in actual circulation has by constant use become imperfect. On some of these coins the device is almost obliterated. But this does not affect their practical utility in business transactions. They still circulate freely. And it is because they bear on their face the stamp of the government, certifying to their original perfection. But let this guaranty be destroyed, and their function as a universal medium of exchange will cease. Coins which never had any definite value nobody will want. Not their present imperfection, but their "want of original righteousness," would speedily drive them out of circulation. In like manner the Bible has suffered incidental loss in its transmission through various channels during many centuries. But so long as it bears the image and superscription of the great King, we have a sufficient guaranty of its original truthfulness and perfection. And so long, also, will it maintain its supremacy as "an infallible rule of faith and practice." But destroy this guaranty, and its function as an authoritative standard of truth and duty will cease.

An imperfect copy of a title-deed is one thing; an imperfect deed is a more serious matter, as many a man has found to his cost. And so an imperfect copy of the Bible is one thing, but an imperfect Bible is quite another thing. In the one case the injury is superficial, and may be ascertained, or can be endured; in the other, it is a radical injury, and one for which there is no remedy. All the wealth of ancient manuscripts and versions can never rectify an evil which is inherent in the body of Scripture itself. If the foundations of belief be destroyed, what shall the righteous do? As might be expected, the advocates of this view really give away their case. Said the late Dr. Schaff in his article already referred to: "Our faith in the Bible as containing the very Word of the living God, and as the infallible guide in all matters of faith and practice, rests on its intrinsic value, and is independent of any human view of inspiration." But who is to determine how much, or how little, of that which the Bible "contains" is really the Word of God? Who is to ascertain and verify those portions of Scripture which are, and those which are not, of "intrinsic value"? Evidently this vicious principle leads to one or the other of two alternatives. It will impel us either to accept the authority of a supposed infallible Church, or to fall back upon some authority within ourselves, for the decision of these all-important questions. And, in either case, the authority which once rested in an inspired and infallible Book will have been superseded, because found to be practically worthless.

And this is the awful trend of the "new theology." It is a "down-grade movement," which will keep moving by its own momentum. Whether in matters of opinion, or in matters of practice, no man can serve two masters. Those who now question the Bible because of certain difficulties which their finite minds cannot explain will, ere long, deny it. The nascent free-thinkers of to-day will become the open scoffers of to-morrow. Those who have taken the first step of discrediting the inspired Word will find it easier to take those other steps which have already led multitudes to forsake the Guide of their youth, and to forget the covenant of their God.

SENEX.

## SELF-DENIAL.

BY REV. HENRY W. JONES.

If not usually, it is often true that the inward struggle between the evil and the good occurs really at two places in the Christian's experience. There is first the conflict at the outset, when the question is pressed home upon the soul whether it will now dedicate itself to Christ or continue the old life apart from him. There may be no particular object over which the present battle is fought. Nothing is now asked to be done which is distasteful, no particular thing just now to be given up which it is hard to yield. It is a question about the whole future, including a great many particulars, perhaps few if any of them in sight at that moment. The surrender, if made, includes them all. It is a solemn promise that each question that shall arise hereafter shall be decided according to the new Master's wishes—what we would call an *implicit* surrender; that is, folded in or rolled up as if the individual acts of obedience were done up in a bundle and delivered over in the gross. As time goes on and the package is unrolled this or that particular distasteful thing is reached. An *explicit* surrender is called for. The old disposition reasserts itself and there comes another struggle. It is sometimes a severe one; even severer than the former. Both combatants have been reinforced. On the one hand, the case is now actual; no longer a supposition; the self-gratification is at hand, within reach, and that strengthens the old nature. But on the new Master's side are now found the sense of honor, the power of will, whatever there is of force of character, urging the consideration, "you have given your promise and must not go back."

The principle—the will and plan of the new Master everywhere replacing one's own, the old master dethroned, self-denied—is the keynote of the Christian life. Self-denial is not the same as asceticism, though the two are often confounded. It may be quite the opposite. Persons connected with the army or navy are often objects of envy. They live in luxury, in the pleasantest of towns or cities, have access to the first society. But these men are not their own masters. They have given themselves to serve the nation. They do not have these delightful positions because they chose them. They are assigned to them. The government is able to provide for them after this manner, and takes pleasure in seeing its servants well cared for. He who abjures his self master and takes Christ instead, puts himself under the being who commands all the resources of this age of advanced civilization. Many of the positions which he has to assign are amid the richest of it. Thus, instead of being confined to privation or suffering, self-denial may mean wealth and friends, and all earthly good. It does not consist in choosing for oneself what good he will give up or what suffering he will undergo. What is that but following self as master? Rather, it consists in repudiating the claim of self to have anything to say about these things, leaving all to God's wise and loving appointment. Says Fenelon: "God gives to some crosses of iron and of lead, which are overwhelming in themselves; some he forms of straw, that seem to weigh nothing, and yet which are no less difficult to bear. Some he makes of gold and precious stones. And it is not for us to prefer the leaden to the golden; but to prefer that the Lord's blessed will may be done in us and by us". This is not, then, a question of outward condition in any form, but of proprietorship. It is simply, Who is your master amid all this? Nothing is to be actually put away, nothing undertaken, except at the new Master's command and upon his signal, "Now!" Consecration is deed ing away the house, not moving out. The tenant remains in possession, subject to the new owner's wishes. Meanwhile, he does business there for his principal, always signing his own name as agent. When the summons comes it is time enough to go. Then, come in what form it may, covering what of the delightful or dear of life, there may be no withholding.

"Tho' love repine and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply.
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

The cross is to be carried with us daily, to be ready for use. It is the badge of consecration and of discipleship. It means, "I am his who died on this for me." Albeit, to carry the cross is not the same as to be crucified.

On the 29th of June the Pullman Company, it is said, sent to the U. S. revenue collector in Chicago the sum of $12,500 to pay the government license of $25 each on 500 buffet cars on which liquor is sold. This is an indictment which the whole array of secret labor unions ignore, whether in the strike or out of it. Another indictment, more fearful still, they utterly set aside. There are no railway trains more constantly run on the Sabbath Day than those with Pullman cars. Whatever loss may fall to the Pullman corporation we hold to be a judgment for the crimes of liquor-selling and Sabbath desecration. Even if the employes make clear the case of too low wages, there may be no criminality in it. The greatest wrong done them is in the two instances above. When will our workingmen see this? Let the pastors and their arbitration committee begin here, and get things right with God.—*Christian Cynosure.*

## INCOMING HERESIES.

BY REV. S. BRISTOL.

"For the time will come when they will endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears." (II Tim. iv: 3.)

The value of sound doctrine can scarcely be overrated. So, also, false doctrines produce evil fruits—corruptive, appalling, eternal, and immeasurable. These are roads which lead in opposite directions interminably. As a rule, nations and individuals are as the doctrines they hold. Hence the solemn duty of taking heed to the doctrines we embrace, and to those taught and received by those about us. We are commanded to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints." And, however pleasant and desirable, it is to have peace and quiet in the Christian household, it can be purchased at fearful cost, and always is, when all we see is error coming in at the doors, and give no warning and utter no protest. And the silent men at such a time are by no means the truest friends of the Church or the friends of God. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." It is my belief that we have fallen upon one of the times in the world's history when men have "itching ears," eager to hear something new, impatient of old and sound doctrines, "turning away their ears from the truth, and turning to fables." This is true in all the sciences—in politics, and especially in theology and religion. It is, therefore, a time when vigilance is demanded and warnings are legitimate.

Allow me, then, to call attention to certain doctrines fraught with dire dangers to our Zion, which are beginning to prevail widely among the ministers and churches.

1. The *Darwinian doctrine* of the descent of man by natural generation from a brutal parentage. This doctrine—albeit there is a wide gap, a long, long "link" unfilled between him and the highest order of brutes—is largely accepted in our schools of learning and by the ministry. Professor Drummond boldly avows the doctrine—lectured in the New England churches to prove the doctrine, and now has published a book embodying his views, and all this without impairing his high standing among the ministers and churches of our denomination! Indeed, I have been surprised at the number of ministers I have met who have left the views commonly received from Moses, and gone over to those of Darwin!

The point I make is this—acceptance of Darwin means rejection of Moses, and that, too, in the not distant future. Rejection of Genesis and its account means rejection of the Pentateuch and the removal of the cornerstone which supports the great fabric of our faith—the Bible.

2. The doctrine of the existence of our race far, far back of the time assigned by Moses, even beyond the Glacial Period, as advocated by Professor Frederic Wright, and many others, is another assault upon Moses and the Bible. So far as I know, neither he nor Professor Winchell—both Congregationalists—have ever made any serious attempts to reconcile the two, and thus forestall an unsettling of faith.

The rough and, I may say, profane handling of our sacred Bible by "the higher critics" is another cause for profound alarm. Dr. Denney tells us they have so far unsettled the faith of European churches in the first part of the Bible that preachers "fight shy" of it, their faith being quite unsettled as to its miracles and history; Dr. Denney himself being so moved thereby as to refuse to define his views of inspiration. One thing is evident. These critics show no such profound respect for the Old Testament as was shown by Christ and the apostles in all their quotations from it. Christ laid his solemn hand on the three divisions of the Old Testament which existed in his day—"the Law, the Prophets and the Psalms," and said every jot or tittle of them should be fulfilled. All parts of the book are quoted by him and his disciples as divine, and they based upon them the claims of the new dispensation. How different the treatment of these rationalistic, Germanizing critics! Yet they are modifying, weakening and destroying the faith of large numbers in our seminaries and pulpits. From this quarter the enemy is coming in as a flood. Shall we sit still and say nothing, and let the enemy capture one and another of our strongholds? Shall we do this for fear of being charged with disturbing the peace of the Church and "stabbing Congregationalism by want of generous confidence"?

4. The general ominous silence of the pulpit in regard to the hell that awaits the wicked is alarming. Who hears a sermon now emphasizing the doctrine of eternal punishment? Who talks to sinners as Christ did, and his apostles? Who declares the whole counsel of God on that subject?

I do not say the doctrine is denied, but it is left to die out of human thought by neglect. It takes but the silence of a single generation on a doctrine of the Bible to consign it to practical oblivion in the minds of men. There is already widespread unbelief in regard to future punishment in the pulpits and the pews of the Congregational churches. Is it not time to sound the alarm? "If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, he shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand" (Ezek. xxxii: 8).

VENTURA.

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## THE AMERICAN BOARD.

Only one month remains before the American Board financial year closes. Churches and individuals intending to have some part this year in our great work of foreign missions must make their gifts before August 31st. The majority of our churches in this State have not yet contributed. Some of them are planning to do so in August. May we not hope for an offering in this month from many of those who have not yet made one?

The following list does not include the receipts of the Woman's Board of the Pacific, which will be found in their report in due time. They are making a noble effort to raise the amount pledged by them. The response should be generous. The Young Ladies' Branch, also, are arranging for a Children's Day in the interests of the *Morning Star*. Let August this year be an all around foreign missionary month.

The gifts in this State reported up to June are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Campbell | $9 50 |
| Benicia | 19 50 |
| Grass Valley | 24 40 |
| Hydesville | 4 50 |
| Little Shasta | 22 50 |
| Lincoln | 22 43 |
| Oakland First | 271 09 |
| Oakland Pilgrim | 44 20 |
| Oakland Plymouth-avenue | 62 25 |
| Ocean View | 6 00 |
| Rohnerville | 9 50 |
| Pacific Grove Mayflower | 7 25 |
| Sacramento First | 39 25 |
| San Francisco First | 225 60 |
| San Francisco Olivet | 10 00 |
| San Francisco Fourth | 15 00 |
| San Francisco Park | 39 25 |
| San Rafael | 15 50 |
| San Lorenzo Union | 5 25 |
| General Association | 52 95 |
| Congregational Chinese Sunday-school | 23 00 |
| Y. P. S. C. E., Green Valley | 5 00 |
| W. B. M. P., Berkeley (debt) | 50 00 |
| Three friends, Berkeley | 15 00 |
| Class '93 Pacific Theological Seminary | 37 60 |
| Mrs. Mary Hale, Martinez | 10 00 |
| J. C. and E. Coleman | 100 00 |
| W. F., San Francisco (debt) | 25 00 |
| Rev. E. D. Hale, Lincoln | 15 00 |
| A friend, Placer county | 25 00 |
| John Foss, Jackson | 20 00 |
| Mrs. S. D. Husted, Castle Crag | 5 00 |
| Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins | 7 50 |
| "Moses" | 35 00 |
| Cathryn Culver, Oakland | 20 00 |
| Abel Whitton | 5 00 |
| Mrs. M. W. Payne, San Jose | 10 00 |
| George Ford, Santa Cruz | 30 00 |
| Rev. W. P. Hardy, San Rafael (special) | 25 00 |
| Sunday-school Class, First church, Oakland (special) | 76 90 |
| Presbyterian Sunday-school, Sonora (special) | |
| Ladies of Petaluma (special) | 35 00 |
| SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. | |
| Claremont | 15 55 |
| De Luz Pilgrim | 2 00 |
| Highland Church of Christ | 16 00 |
| Messina | 15 00 |
| Nordhoff | 13 60 |
| Ontario | 136 00 |
| Redlands First | 101 75 |
| Santa Barbara | 67 50 |
| San Diego First | 87 70 |
| San Diego Second | 6 00 |
| San Bernardino First | 24 75 |
| Vernondale Sunday-school | 7 55 |
| San Luis Obispo Boys' Brigade | 5 50 |
| Moreno, pastor | 2 00 |
| Moreno Sabbath-school class | 2 30 |
| A friend, Florin | 10 00 |
| A friend, South Riverside | 1 00 |
| S. P. Jones, San Diego | 30 00 |
| Mary W. Jordan | 2 75 |
| J. W. Scoville, Pasadena | 1 05 |
| J. Mason, Compton | 5 00 |
| J. E. Cushman | 25 00 |
| Hanna F. Tyler | 5 00 |
| John Crawford, Pomona | 50 00 |
| Lilly M. Whetman, Pomona (special) | 75 00 |
| Junior C. E., Riverside (special) | 15 00 |
| Rev. A. E. Tracy, Ontario (special) | 20 00 |
| Needles (special) | 5 00 |
| Mrs. M. L. Peabody and Armenian friends (special) | 35 00 |
| West End Y. P. S. C. E. | 9 85 |
| Mrs. E. Hildreth, Los Angeles (special) | 50 00 |
| Woman's Home Missionary Society, Perris (special) | 5 00 |
| S. S. First church, Riverside (special) | 7 10 |
| F. G. El Cajon (special) | 8 00 |
| Rev. J. W. Overton, Needles (special) | 3 00 |

The gifts marked special do not help the Board in its appropriations. July and August gifts should largely increase the number and amount. The last word from Boston gives the encouragement that, with good contributions in these two months, there will be no addition to the deficit of last year. The total gifts for the ten months this year, to July 1st, amount to $506,052.03, against $501,333.03 for the same months last year. This does not include $35,954.44 given for the debt of last year. All gifts may be sent to this office, or to the Treasurer in Boston.

WALTER FREAR, General Agent.
7 Montgomery avenue, S. F.

## BIBLE SOCIETIES IN CALIFORNIA.

Never since the organization of the California Bible Society, in 1849, has it been compelled to refuse grants of Bibles to mission Sabbath-schools and poor churches where there was inability to purchase. Now, however, the trustees of the California Bible Society, the managers of the Southern California Bible Society, and of the Alameda and Contra Costa Bible Society, are under the necessity of announcing that for want of funds to replenish their depositories, these auxiliaries will not be able to make grants as heretofore. With great reluctance this statement is made, and now because of this financial embarrassment these auxiliaries will be compelled to charge half price on books, asked for as grants for mission Sabbath-schools and other institutions, for the present, and until the co-operating churches remember the Bible cause with their annual offerings—let them be large or small—and until the present financial depression is over and gone.

Will the churches whose mission work has so generously shared in the gifts of these Bible societies in the past come to the rescue and send in their offerings for this fundamental and now needy cause.

JOHN THOMPSON.
Dis't. Supt. A. B. S.
1350 FRANKLIN STREET, Oakland, Cal.

The strike has not been declared off in Oakland and some other places; but the trains are running and the soldiers are going home, and the men seem to be coming to their senses, and ready to go to work again. A committee of them interviewed Mr. Towne yesterday, and he replied:

When the strike is declared off, our company will employ, in addition to those now in our service and the few who are coming to us under engagement, such men as we may need in train and other service who have not during the strike willfully damaged railroad property or forcibly prevented our employes from performing their usual regular duties; each case to be considered separately and upon individual application, and to be disposed of according to the merit of the applicant. The company will be careful that no individual suffers wrong or injustice at our hands. Beyond this the men must trust to the leniency of the company. A. N. TOWNE,
Second Vice-President and General Manager.

**This seems to us a very fair reply, and all that the men could expect.**

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

### If I Could Have My Way.

If I could always have my way,
Be care free all the live-long day,
With nothing to hinder or molest,
I wonder if it would be best?

To have life's sorrows vanish quite,
My pathway ever fair and bright,
Life's sweetest roses on my breast,
I wonder if it would be best?

To have the smoothest path of life,
With no touch of the pruning knife,
My heart says, No, it would not be
The best or wisest thing for me.

Some plants need more of shade than sun,
To make the perfect colors run;
And oft, sharp pruning in the spring,
That they abundant fruit may bring.

If this, dear Lord, be what I need,
Prune thou, then, though the branches bleed,
And water with thy grace divine
Each tiny root that makes the vine,

Till every stalk, and stem, and shoot,
Has thy inspiration at the root,
That my life-vine may bloom, and bring
Blest fruitage for thy garnering.

CHARLOTTE N. CUMMINS.

The Philadelphia Sterilized Milk and Ice Society was organized recently, and the mayor of the city was chosen president. The society intends to supply the poor with sterilized milk, pure ice water, and disinfectants, at cost price.

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DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.